

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE NATION TO BUY UP ITS COAL

### ALL COAL FOR THE NATION

#### A VERY GREAT STEP

What the Buying-Up of the Royalties Means

#### END OF A SAD STATE OF THINGS

Once more a great debate in the House of Commons has shown how deep is the public sympathy with the miners in their demand for higher wages, and it must be regarded as certain that nothing will be allowed to bring about the disaster of a coal strike.

Perhaps it has hardly been realised by the general public how great a change the Government's proposals to buy up the royalties will bring about. What the decision means is that the Government is to take possession of all coal by buying the coal-bearing lands from the thousands of private owners.

*Every seam of coal will thus become national property.*

#### Coal as Public Property

It is held that when the coal is owned by the State it can be better worked.

*Public ownership of the coal means, obviously, that no one can remove the coal except on conditions which are acceptable to the public which owns it.*

It is not the actual existing mine works, with all their machinery, that are to be bought, but the coal itself.

The coal-mining companies now pay the landlords so much for every ton of coal they raise. When the State purchase is completed they will pay it to the Government. This tonnage payment is called a royalty, and averages over 5d a ton.

The many coal ownerships interfere with the full and proper working of coal. When there are many ownerships in a single area, and each ownership, large or small, is worked as a separate mine, the working cannot be good.

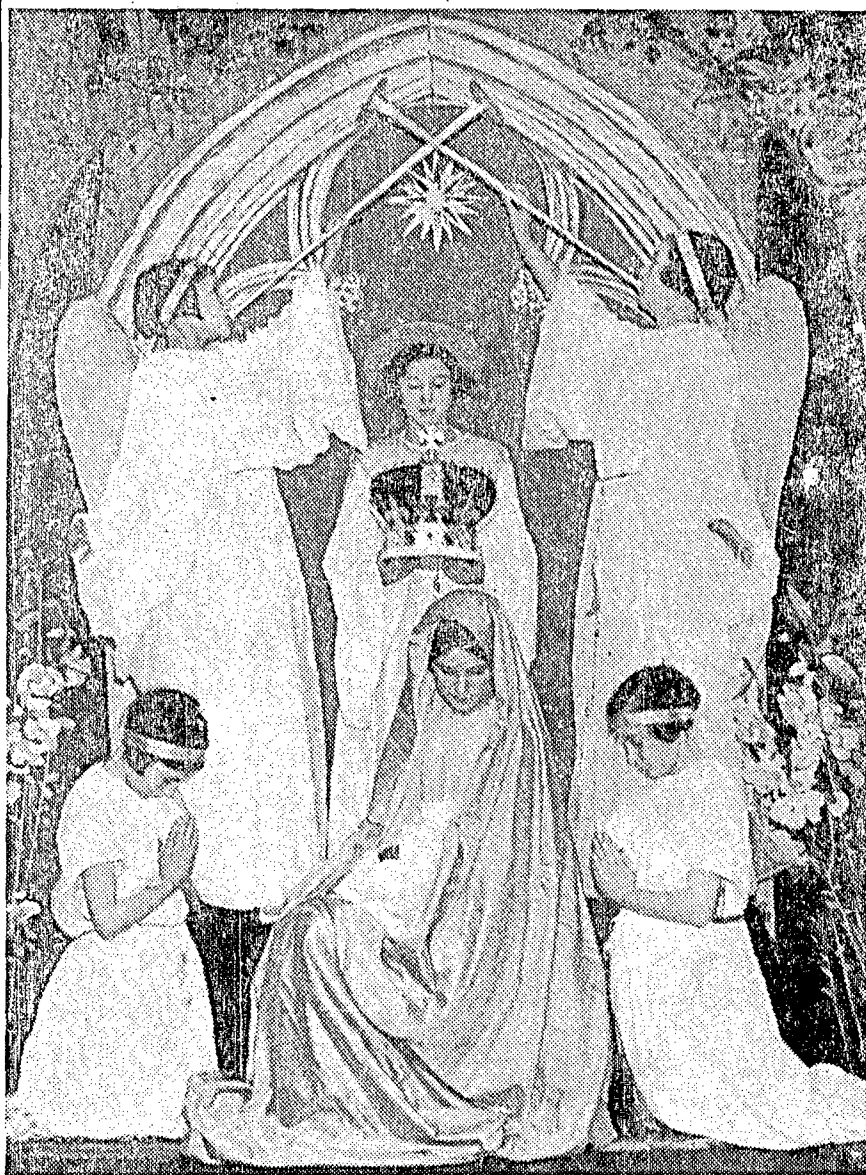
#### Maps Like Jig-Saw Puzzles

At the Coal Commission of 1918 an expert witness submitted two maps showing the absurdities of some of the South Wales coal properties. The maps looked like jig-saw puzzles. So the coal shafts came to be sunk where they ought not to be. The miner underground risks his life to get coal, and then the coal is foolishly carried to the wrong point because the particular ownership compels it. Never was greater absurdity in work.

With the new single ownership the best can be made of the fuel which is our greatest national gift.

It is almost incredible, but big party walls of coal have been left in the ground for two centuries, and lost for ever, merely to divide one mine from another!

We must all hope that such a state of things, too ridiculous for words, is about to end for ever.



CHRISTMAS AT ESHER PLACE, ONE OF THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES

### The Way of the Aggressor is Hard

No one will be surprised by the storm of indignation and the wave of anxiety aroused by the Paris suggestions for bringing about peace in Abyssinia.

No one will be surprised that Signor Mussolini should say Yes and that Abyssinia should say No to these proposals. What would be surprising would be if in this fight for the supremacy of the League the 50 nations behind the League should lose and the nation against the League should win.

It is desirable that at all costs the two parties Italy and Abyssinia should be persuaded to come together, and it is not expected that things can be the same again. What is wrong in Abyssinia must be put right, and what consideration Italy is entitled to must be granted.

That is the foundation on which the League stands, and it is on that assumption that practically the whole world has rallied round it and has applauded the courageous stand of the British Government. However wide may be the basis of discussion drawn up to bring the

parties together, it cannot be that any difficulties arising in France or anywhere else will suddenly transform the situation so that the aggressor will find himself in possession of a great prize.

It is not to be believed that the British Government will now weaken in support of the Covenant. It must be made certain, as Mr Baldwin has so strenuously maintained, that the League will triumph so that it shall be established once and for all that the way of the aggressor is hard. No one dreams that the League will wish to punish Italy; what the League wishes to do is to establish the Covenant as the guiding principle of the nation. The betrayal of the Covenant now would be such a fall as the world has not seen since Milton's Satan:

*From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day.*

For such a fall as to give a League prize to armed aggression we should have to write:

*From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to eve,  
A winter's night.*

### WHAT WE ARE REALLY LIKE

#### A SCOUT DISCOVERS US

Alone in the World's Great City at Sixteen

#### FORTNIGHT OF SURPRISE

*We have received this letter from a Boy Scout in Hungary who has found in London the Englishman of his heart but not of his expectations.*

I read the CN every week, and a little while ago I found myself in England, a Scout, alone, with very little money but with one great wish, to see London.

I had always heard what cold, reserved, haughty people the English are, and, being only 16, I was a little fearful.

To save expenses I pitched a tent in Gilwell Park, and started out to see the city. Some little things that happened during the two weeks I spent there gave me a new impression of the English.

#### A Memory of Westminster

On the first day I was standing before the Houses of Parliament when an old gentleman came to me and asked me if I would like to go in. I followed him and listened to him explain everything. When finally we said Goodbye at the door I thought, "Well, that isn't the Englishman I expected."

Once I was standing in Oxford Street looking at my map, and a gentleman asked me if he could help me. After a few minutes conversation he invited me into a tea-room to have something to eat. I had never known such a thing as this. And just those unfriendly English!

#### The Friendly Motorists

But I was soon to put one of these Englishmen to the test. As I was walking to my tent from the station one afternoon the rain began to pour down. There was no shelter in sight, unless it was a car standing by the roadside. I peeped into it. Nobody was inside, so I opened the door and got in. I was just experiencing the rare feeling of being a stowaway in an unknown car when the door opened and a lady and gentleman sprang in. I do not know who was more surprised, they or I, but this was surely the time to find that haughty English look I had heard about. Yet I did not see it. They laughed at my story and took me to my tent.

At Charing Cross one day an old newspaper vendor, when I told him I was a Hungarian, asked me how Admiral Horthy was. How it thrilled me that a simple old man in London should ask me about my Regent!

I shall never see these people again, or many others who were so kind to me, but I shall never forget them. Their kindness was so touching that it made half an Englishman of me. I keep wondering ever since why people say the English are a cold and haughty people.



## ARE WE HOUSING CRAZY?

### LETTING ANYBODY DO ANYTHING

#### Speculators Who Put Houses Where Nobody Wants Them

#### LONDON AND ITS FLATS

Mr Guy Dawber has, not for the first time, hit a nail neatly on the head. This is what he says in a letter to The Times:

*One wonders why speculative builders, with no local interest of any sort, should be given a free hand to ruin and disfigure the country solely for their own pecuniary advantage.*

It is one of the astonishing facts of our time that the development of our countryside is left to the builder.

It seems to be nobody's business to bother about the way in which he spoils the landscape, cuts up green fields, and blots the scene with masses of bricks and mortar which will all too soon begin to crumble. The nature of his building (outer walls one brick thick in some cases) is poor enough, and the houses are mean enough in their appearance; but there is a graver aspect of the problem which calls for attention.

#### Fate of Too Many Villages

It is this—that builders with no regard for planning or for the appeal of the countryside are allowed to buy a piece of land which dominates an old village, or a great road, or a much-admired landscape, and to spread over it an ugly mass of houses that are not wanted.

Is it nobody's business that the country can be ruined in this way? Is it to be for ever possible for any man to buy a few acres of land which dominate a village scene, to put up houses he imagines people will buy, to find that they are not wanted, and then to leave the scene he has turned into a mess?

It is the fate of too many villages to pass through misfortunes such as these, and it seems to us more than time that there should be some authority to decide whether land is in need of development, whether there is a demand for houses, before the speculative builder begins his work. Even in London the same policy of building houses or flats that may not be wanted is going on.

#### Unwanted London Flats

Although Central London, the London we call L.C.C. London, with its four million people, has been rapidly declining in population, and is certain to decline more, the London builders appear to take no notice of the fact, but continue to build tall blocks of flats. About 150,000 people have left L.C.C. London in the last few years.

It is not merely that the flats are built. They take the place of much smaller old-fashioned houses, built for a single family, so that perhaps six dwellings are substituted for one. Where is it imagined that tenants are to come from to fill the extra dwellings thus made?

#### Problem of the Future

Already the trouble is serious. Mr B. S. Townroe, who is a housing expert and Mayor of Hampstead, points out that in the near future London is likely to be burdened by the problem of thousands of empty flats. In Hampstead alone on September 30 there were 523 flats, 277 maisonnettes, and 347 houses empty—or 1147 dwellings without tenants. Other districts tell the same story.

What some parts of London need are dwellings to let at 10s to 12s 6d a week; but these are not adequately supplied, while expensive flats are over-built.

It is one aspect of the question facing town and country too—whether the whole business of housing is not developing in a crazy fashion without a proper regard to the needs of the people or the amenities of the countryside.

## A BALLOON LOSES ITS WAY

### Midnight Arrival in a Cornfield

Romance brings up the old balloon in spite of all the marvels of more modern machines of flight. Two Germans had their fill of it.

They set out to compete with 10 other balloons in a distance race from Gersenkirchen near Essen on the Sunday. They hoped to reach Norway.

But the pilot proposes, the wind disposes. The wind backed from south-east to east and blew the balloon out over the North Sea.

For two nights the four men in the balloon were suspended in an open basket between the clouds and the deep sea. One of the four, the pilot, was making his 30th ascent; another was a newspaper man, who will have plenty to tell his readers of his experiences.

The most exciting of these was when the balloon was nearing the Lincolnshire coast. The pilot mistook a light on a buoy for a light on land. He prepared to come down and pulled the rope of the gas valve. When he was nearly down he saw that the sea was beneath him. The men had to throw out the last of their ballast to get the balloon up again.

Then by the light of the Moon it made the coast and safely descended in a cornfield a few miles inland. The hour was past midnight, and we may imagine the astonishment of a farm labourer who was knocked up and was met at his cottage door by a stranger asking in foreign accents where he was.

The balloon was safely packed in a wagon with the help of the North Somerset policeman, and the balloonists came on to London by train. They had been nearly 50 hours in the air.

## BUBBLES AT THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

An interesting figure at the Naval Conference is Admiral W. M. James, whose portrait as a boy made him one of the best-loved figures in the world.

A grandson of the immortal artist Millais, he was caught blowing bubbles by his grandfather, who was so enchanted with the picture of the little four-year-old that he forthwith painted him in one of the most delightful portraits of childhood ever presented. It was the famous picture known as Bubbles.

Listening to his grandfather's fairy stories, the boy was no trouble, but the bubbles he blew were such gossamer things, popping off as soon as they were made, that Millais was unable to paint them fast enough. He therefore had models of them blown in glass, in just the shades presented by the bubbles, and these, not the soap-films blown by Willie James, are those shown on the canvas.

The admiral is not the only member of the family to live in a Millais picture. His mother, the artist's eldest daughter, figures in one of the most famous of all.

When Landseer was dying he begged Millais to finish a picture for which he had painted only a beautiful white palfrey. Millais got John O'Connor to frame the horse in a noble stone archway, and himself painted in the great hound; on the white horse he mounted his daughter, the mother of Bubbles, to represent Nell Gwynn. So the boy stood for Bubbles and the mother for the orange girl.

## 500 GESTURES

A new kind of language film has been made at Leningrad, which should be a valuable record for future generations.

"The Language of Gestures" is its name, and it shows a Red Indian making 500 gestures, all with meanings. The gestures are used by the North American Indians for inter-tribal communication.

## THE OLD TOLL-GATES

### Relics of the Road's Safe Days

#### WHAT MR WELLER THOUGHT OF THEM

Dulwich Toll-gate has been in the news; perhaps its very existence will surprise many who read of it.

Few of these old gates remain, and it has been arranged that photographs of them shall be taken. Somerset has already photographs of 35.

One of the best is that at Dulwich, crossing College Road; it has fine gates and a charming toll-house, the ancient board with the list of tolls brought up-to-date.

The cheerful look of this gate-house throws grave doubts on the theory of Mr Tony Weller, Sam Weller's father. Tony, a coach driver of vast experience, gravely assured Mr Pickwick that all turnpike keepers had met with some disappointment in life. "Consequence of vich," he went on, "they retire from the world and shut themselves up in pikes, partly with the view of being solitary, and partly to revenge themselves on mankind by taking tolls."

## A HELPING HAND FROM SIR JOHN

Many a hardworking young Yorkshireman will live to bless the name of good Sir John Pybus.

This hard-headed Hull man, who made his own fortune, left £40,000 of it as a fund to help young artisans of Hull and Bradford.

The income of his fund is to be applied to endowing them at their start in life with an education which will make them more highly skilled workmen. His own rise in life, through a seat in Parliament and the office of Minister of Transport, will serve as an example of the way to get on if the will to get on is there, and if it is backed by the right kind of education.

## ENGLISH GLIMPSES FOR 1936

Those whom we have already introduced to Mr Beecroft's Postcard Calendar of English Glimpses will be looking for it again. They will like the 1936 edition.

Here are more of John Stone's excellent photographs, which, when their fortnight in the calendar is over, may be used as postcards, each picture a lovely memory of England or an alluring invitation to get to know her better. The calendar hangs or stands; it allows plenty of space for noting engagements, costs 3s, and contains 26 postcards; altogether a most satisfactory affair, to be had from William Beecroft, 9 Romilly Road, London, N 4, if your stationer does not stock it.

## THREE SPEECHES

The Lord Mayor of London, whose speeches are perhaps the shortest that any holder of his ancient office is known to have made, replied in these words to a vote of thanks the other day:

This morning I was handed a note which said: Which of your famous speeches will you make today—your short one, *I thank you*, or your long one, *I thank you very much*? I am going a long way beyond either. Mr Amery, I thank you very much indeed for the delightful speech you have made this morning.

## EAST AND WEST

By Lady Astor

The children in East End nursery schools are far better off than the West End child who has been dragged around Hyde Park. If we get enough nursery schools it is quite possible that the East-enders will not want the West End children to associate with theirs, because the East End will have a very much higher sense of life.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

Mr Wilfrid Sanderson, who wrote the music of the familiar song called *Friend o' Mine*, has passed away at Nutfield in Surrey. Half a million copies of his songs were sold every year.

A shopkeeper in Liverpool has been fined for allowing litter to be thrown in a passage behind his premises.

As a punishment for careless driving Arthur Cooke, a schoolboy, was ordered by a Chicago magistrate to write a 500-word essay on Safety.

More than 1200 men, women, and children are living in the caverns cut by their ancestors out of the limestone cliffs near the Loire in France. But conditions are by no means prehistoric, for the caves are fitted with gas, electricity, and wireless.

It is reported from New York that Dr Hartman of Columbia University has made a discovery which will remove another terror from the dentist's chair. It is of a substance which, merely applied to the surface of a tooth, renders painless the dreaded process of drilling.

The Queen Mary will show her position when at sea on a giant map. The map represents the Atlantic from Bishop's Rock to the Nantucket Lightship off the American coast, and a three-inch model of the liner will show the passengers the position of the vessel day and night.

## EXPLORING A SWIRLING STREAM

More than a hundred years ago a swirling stream was discovered in North America, winding its turbulent path through canyons whose walls rise at times 6000 feet sheer above the water.

The Salmon River, as it is called, is in Idaho, and was discovered during a geographical expedition a century ago, but all attempts to navigate it so far have been unsuccessful. The mountains rise around the stream to heights of as much as 12,000 feet; and, owing to the fierceness of the stream and the peculiar geological formations, the lonely canyon has acted as a sanctuary for all kinds of animals, birds, and fishes. Queer carvings were made in prehistoric times on the walls of the canyon, helped by the natural colours of the mineral formations.

A group of scientists are setting out with the hope of navigating the rushing stream, and with them will be a photographer armed with the apparatus for taking colour photographs of the prehistoric pictures.

## THINGS SAID

The Italian war is poisoning the health of the nations. *Manchester Guardian*

We are most anxious to see a strong Italy—strong morally, physically, and socially. *Sir Samuel Hoare*

The more people come to this country to see us as we are the better it will be for the peace of the world. *Prince of Wales*

I have always considered that it is to the landlords we owe the beauty of England. *Lord Esher*

For peaceful beauty what has overseas to compare with almost any English village? *Mr Gordon Welsh*

Time has its revenges, especially, it seems, on the funny men. *Mr Maurice Downing*

Captain Scott, by dying, left a heritage to England he could never have left if he had lived. *Admiral Byrd*

All motorists convicted for being under the influence of drink should receive a term of imprisonment.

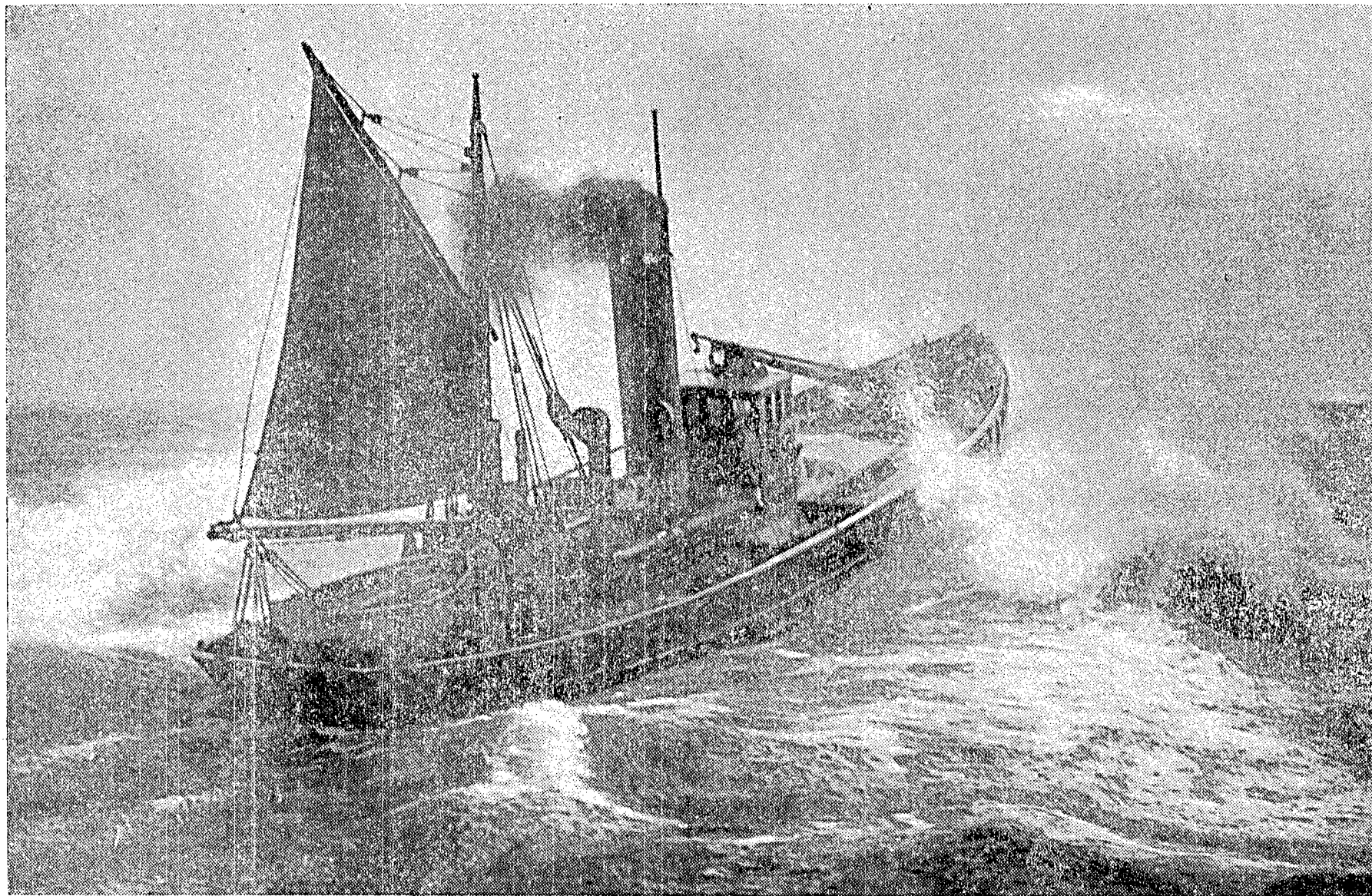
*Dr McAdam Eccles of Bart's Hospital*

I know I ain't going to be like the other children, but I loves to come and watch them play.

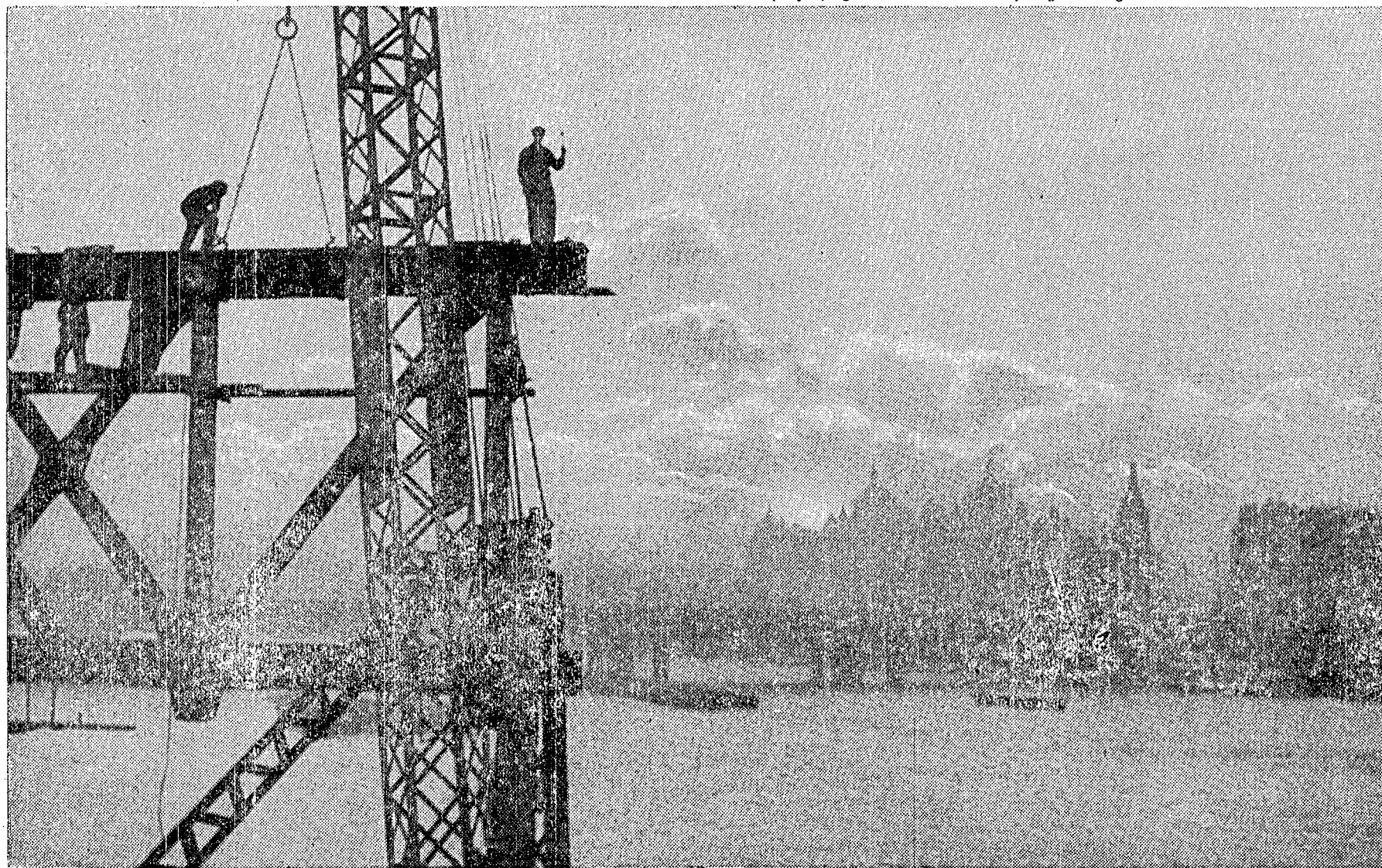
*Small cripple at a play centre*



# Ploughing Through the North Sea • A Thames Sunset



In the North Sea—A herring drifter out of Lowestoft sends a great shower of spray flying from her bows as she plunges through a wave



A Sombre Pattern—Against a background of a London sunset the steelwork that was erected for the removal of the stones of Waterloo Bridge is in its turn being removed by a crane



## WIDEST EYE ON EARTH

### How They Are Grinding the 200-Inch Mirror FIVE YEARS HARD LABOUR

After more than one disappointment the glass for the American 200-inch mirror has been successfully cast.

It has been cooling in the annealing oven at Cornell, New York, since last year. It will be five years more before it can be ground into a telescopic lens. But by 1941 America, if nothing goes wrong, will have the most powerful telescope in the world, and the Earth will be given a new eye, with power to grasp the light from stars and nebulae and island universes now unknown.

The first disappointments in making this new eye were connected with the glass. In such a huge mass flaws may make their appearance as it cools. The flaws are air bubbles, feathers or groups of small bubbles, veins and patches of dead metal where the ingredients have not mixed properly.

#### Grinding and Polishing

Even in the present casting there are holes caused by the failure of the electric warming current of the oven during floods. But they are happily not important, and will disappear when the flat surface of the glass is ground down into the saucer-like shape of the lens.

Grinding the lens will take up the next five years. Then the centre of the saucer will have fallen to five inches lower than the edge. There are three stages in the grinding, and another to follow. There is the rough work, followed by the fine grinding, and finished by the polishing, which takes longer and costs more than all the rest put together. The task is completed by centering and testing. Then the lens can be lifted into the framework made ready in the telescope to receive it.

#### Work For the Expert

The rough grinding begins after the curvature of the lens has been calculated mathematically from the known refractive index and dispersive power of the glass. The glassy mass is cemented into a holder, and the grinding begins with a revolving tool supplied with sand and water.

Fine grinding, which follows, is performed with cast-iron tools grooved in the face and coated very carefully with emery-powder, of which there must be neither too much nor too little. This is skilled work only to be done by expert grinders. Machines cannot here supersede the skilled hand. The work is made more difficult because the glass, which will bend even under its own weight, has to be watched and supported very carefully on a system of levers.

#### A Curious Fact

Still more delicate is the polishing, which, according to the rule laid down by Sir Howard Grubb, is best done with a tool coated with fine hard pitch. It is a curious fact that Sir Isaac Newton recommended this substance. This modelling tool, coated with oxide of iron, rouge, or fine putty powder, is shaped to follow the curve required; and the grains of the polishing powder embedded in the pitch effect the finishing touches.

Of these three processes, if the rough grinding were represented by a line 25 inches long, the fine grinding would take off a surface represented by less than an inch, and the polishing would remove another one-fiftieth of an inch. In the final figuring or centering another ten-thousandth of an inch would go.

The last two steps will take up by far the greater amount of the next five years and will cost more than a hundred times as much. They are an illustration of the saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes that the last drops of a bottle are the hardest to pour out.

## MORE FINE ACRES FOR YORKSHIRE

### Bradford Gains Ground A GREAT EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW

Yorkshire has more acres than the Bible has letters, yet she is winning a few new ones from her wastes.

It is at Bradford that it is being done, and this enterprising city is killing two birds with one stone.

It has been done before in many places, usually by the enterprise of individuals; Bradford has chosen to make a general practice of this economical policy, planning the disposal of her rubbish in such a way that playing-fields are made at the same time.

There was much broken land in Bradford, unattractive to the builder or to anyone else. It has been bought cheaply by the city and by interested organisations, and careful tipping of the city's refuse is filling up the hollows and producing good level stretches of ground for games.

#### Controlled Tipping

As the lorries and carts reach the site they are directed where to discharge. The deposits are roughly sorted so that heavy articles and broken china and glass are well buried. Ashes are kept apart for use near the top, and the whole bank of material is compressed by the weight of the vehicles passing to and fro.

Nets are used to keep loose papers within bounds; the refuse is covered over at night; the temperature generated is sufficient to kill practically all germs, and nothing is burnt on the spot, so that there is no danger of fire. When the desired level is reached good soil is spread and grass is grown.

Already this comprehensive scheme has given the new grammar school a football pitch, extended the Horsfall Playing Fields, and provided a stadium and car park at Odsal. Schools and clubs have gained good ground at a low cost.

For years the C.N. has urged that rubbish should be dumped into pits to produce level, fruitful ground instead of being piled up into unsightly mounds. Bradford has proved that the policy is both wise and workable, and we may hope all wise councillors will please note.

## FASCIST, SPARE THAT TREE

### The Terrible Spirit of Kindness

Italy has imposed sanctions on the Christmas tree.

Italian children may not look on that pretty token of peace and goodwill because Mussolini can only see in it a custom of purely foreign origin, and the Fascists have sentenced it to death because it is a heathen and Nordic tree.

Foreign it is. It came out of Germany where in every home, rich and poor, the Christmas candles are lighted on its branches. England adopted it with the German kings who came out of Hanover, and since the days of George the Third has taken it root and branch to the English heart.

Poor Christmas tree! Who would have thought that its candles, its toys and baubles and gifts, could mean all those things? It is possible that the custom of bringing it into the house is older than Christmas, and older than German or Italian, Teuton or Latin. It may go back to the childhood of the world when, in the darkest days of the year, the Men of the Trees brought the forest sapling into the light of their fireside, and spared some of the sacred gift of fire to light its branches.

All that is now forgotten, lost in the mists of Time; but always the Christmas tree, wherever and whenever it has come indoors, has been a symbol of kindness. A sad and bitter world it will be that has no room for the Christmas tree.

## SURVIVORS OF THE MUTINY

### East and West Do Meet TWO MR VALIANTS

A register is being compiled of the names of all British people still alive who were born in India during the terrible days of the Mutiny, and the number is surprising.

It would be pleasant to have a register of Indians who were loyal and loving in those perilous days, men to whom many of the white survivors owe their lives and safety. One was Meer Umjeid Ali, a Moslem non-commissioned officer who, when matters were at their worst, approached a British post and offered his services. Told that natives could not be trusted again, he replied, "Though our skins are dark, our hearts are those of white men, and we will never fight against the Government our Maharajah supports."

He rode off to another cantonment 100 miles distant, and when, three months later, the native force mutinied, he escorted the eight resident Europeans, one of them an officer's wife, to safety.

#### Only a Black Man

It is too much to hope that he is alive, but his fellow hero, Ali Rasi, then a mere lad, may survive. As the party fled the lady's horse was shot down. Ali swung himself off his own horse, and, begging the lady to mount and escape, added, "I am only a black man; it matters nothing if I die."

She refused the offer and, to prevent being lifted on to the horse, sat down on the ground. As mounted mutineers approached, firing, she was snatched up by a faithful Indian, who hid her in his shop till the danger was over.

Umjeid Ali and the youngster escaped and carried the other white refugees to safety; the lady stained herself with walnut juice and rejoined them disguised as a native.

We could wish the two Mr Valiants might be remembered when the full tale of the Mutiny survivors is told.

## SOMETHING IN A NAME

### A Quibble That Saved Men's Lives

A man summoned at Southend police court the other day resented being described as a rag and bone dealer, seeing that, as he said, he never had anything to do with bones except when he bought them for his dog.

The law is strict about definitions of this sort; men's lives have hung upon such a detail, especially in the terrible days of last century when death was the punishment for a hundred offences.

During the Luddite disturbances, when men smashed machines as a protest against the introduction of mechanical methods into hand-loom trades, a number of men were placed in the dock at Nottingham charged with threatening to demolish looms set up in that town.

It seemed from the evidence that the men must be sentenced to death, but Lord Denman based his defence on the fact that the machine-owning firm were described in the indictment as "proprietors of a silk-and-cotton manufactory," whereas the evidence showed that they made silk lace and cotton lace, and should be described as the proprietors of a silk and of a cotton-lace manufactory.

So glad was the judge to have a pretext for keeping the unhappy prisoners from the gallows that he upheld the objection, and, without leaving it to the jury to decide on the evidence, acquitted all the men.

The defence was a mere legal quibble, but everyone concerned was delighted that it should succeed and so avert judicial murder.

## SEARCH FOR THE PERFECT TRAIN

### Everything To Be Better and Better

#### SAVING 1000 H P

In the search for the perfect train, which will travel more speedily, give the traveller more comfort, better carriages, and less jolting and swaying, and will at the same time cost less for power, the L.M.S. have installed a new Research Institute at Derby.

The scientific staff will inquire about everything, locomotive, track, paint, carriage fittings, cushions, and so on.

The wear and tear of a single passenger is slight, but in a year the upholstery suffers so much from all the travelling public that at the L.M.S. research works there is a machine to measure the damage. A meter registers the number of miles it takes to wear out the upholstery.

#### Wear and Tear of Cushions

No account is taken by the meter of the injury inflicted by those hooligans who put their feet on the cushions, but the upholstery question is a very important one to a big railway. The L.M.S. spend £750,000 a year on cushion covers, carriage carpets, curtains, and the like. They test 8000 samples a year. Some of the samples are washed repeatedly to see how they wear. Others are put in a machine which subjects them to the heat or damp or light met with on a railway journey.

These are only a few of the tests applied at the Research Station. Others aim at getting rid of the jolts on a train journey which may arise from the rails or the wheels. A film is the examiner here. Moving pictures of the wheels are taken by a camera peering down through a periscope which goes through the carriage floor. Every little side movement and jolt as the wheel travels over the rail at high speed is photographed. The film is then run through the projector, and the irregularities in motion can be enlarged on the screen.

#### Durability of Paint

Paint is another trouble. Paint is a railway's stand-by. Save the surface and you save everything. But paint outside carriages wears out faster than upholstery in them. The durability of paint is measured at Derby in an apparatus said to reproduce the British climate. That claim is hard to allow, but the device seems to take our climate at its worst, for five weeks in it is said to be the equal of a year's exposure in the open air.

Last come the experiments intended to measure wind resistance to trains and ascertain the value and best designs of streamlining. Models of trains, some of the present type, and others with locomotives and carriages streamlined, are placed in wind-tunnels, and the resistance they offer to the blast of air measured.

#### What Streamlining Saves

In these tests it is assumed that the train is travelling at 100 miles an hour. At that speed a six-coach train of the type now usually seen on the railways uses up 1332 horse-power in overcoming wind resistance. A streamlined train uses up in the same conditions only 336 horse-power. In other words 1000 horse-power is saved, or about 70 per cent. A 30 per cent reduction in resistance to side winds has been obtained by fitting scoop-like screens on the under-carriage.

This L.M.S. research laboratory, where artificial rain, sun, and wind, X-rays and ultra-violet rays, are all called into service, was opened by Lord Rutherford by pressing a button in the special train conveying him to Derby. The engine was named by his schoolboy grandson Pat Fowler before it started from St Pancras, being given the proud name "Lord Rutherford of Nelson."



## WORLD WATCH-TOWER

### Watching the Ocean Currents

Where the remote Bermudas ride the home of an ocean survey has been established, and one of its purposes is to note the periodical changes in the direction of the Gulf Stream. Bermuda is ideally placed for the purpose. It springs like a watch-tower from the ocean. Based on a volcanic rock more than a mile below the surface, ocean deeps surround it, a few miles from its shores.

Its Oceanographical Institute has been assigned the task of examining the circulation of the Atlantic throughout the year, and from one year to another. In some years the North Sea, the Norwegian Sea, and even the Arctic are flooded with warm salt Atlantic water. In other years the inflow fails.

These happenings depend partly on the temperature and saltiness in the Central Atlantic west of the Azores and the Sargasso Sea and partly on the direction and temperature of the Arctic northward drift, or Labrador Current.

The Labrador Current may be pictured as a cold wall of water running between the Gulf Stream and the North American coast, but in the opposite direction. In the west half of the Sargasso Sea the Gulf Stream and the Labrador Current meet and fight it out. The result of their encounter may make a difference of four or five degrees in the temperature of the European North Atlantic.

The winters may well vary accordingly. If the distribution of the temperatures of the water layers in the Sargasso Sea were ascertained in the summer they might point the way to forecasting the mildness or severity of the winter in the European countries which have an Atlantic coast. *See World Map*

The American business recovery makes itself evident in the record of earnings. In September the average weekly earnings in New York City factories rose to an average of £5 10s a week.

## TOO MANY ELEPHANTS

### Great Drive in Uganda

Herds of marauding elephants have been moving down from the wild regions of Uganda and laying waste the cultivated fields of the natives in Buganda, north of Lake Victoria.

It has been estimated that there are at least 20,000 elephants in Uganda, some 4500 living in the Mengo district from which the invaders came. For 10 years they had been allowed to increase without check, but last year something had to be done. Clearly it would be awkward if elephants were allowed to grow like rabbits in Australia! Expert game rangers were called on, and before they had time to realise what was happening the elephant hosts were driven back to the wilds with a loss of 500.

This great drive is described as the accomplishment of the year in the annual report on the Uganda Protectorate, for the increasing tendency of the herds to move into the cultivated areas was a serious menace to a prosperous native kingdom. *See World Map*

## THE GIANT FROM A HAT

All Men of the Trees will join France in a lament for her lost giant cedar.

Bernard de Jussieu, the French botanist, brought it back from Lebanon in his hat. He gave it to the Finance Minister of Louis the Fifteenth, and M. Trudaine planted it in his park at Montigny-Lencoup, near Provins.

There since the middle of the 18th century it remained, waxing in girth and stature till it became, at the age of 180 or thereabouts, the biggest tree in France. At its prime it stood 105 feet high, it was 35 feet round, and its branches shaded a thousand square yards.

It was beginning to show its age a year ago, nevertheless, and while the town councillors were holding a meeting to decide on measures to preserve it the gale took the matter in hand. De Jussieu's cedar was blown down.

## LIGHTER SCHOOLS

### Better Results in Brighter Rooms

Many teachers deplore the defective light in which too many children have to pursue their studies.

They will welcome the evidence afforded by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. Careful scientific tests made with two groups of children proved that the progress of those working in a bright room was over 25 per cent greater than that of the children working in a dull room.

## WHAT THE NATIONS NEED

By Our Foreign Minister

There is already too much inflammable material in Europe and the East for fresh powder to be added to it.

The nations need a long period of rest and quiet if economic recovery is to be assured and permanent peace established. On all sides there are problems overdue for solution, problems which can only be solved if old feuds are forgotten, suspicions removed, if fears are allayed, and goodwill and common sense take the place of illwill and hysteria.

## SOMETHING NEW IN LANCASHIRE

A new textile material is reported from Lancashire. It is a combination of linen-waste with cotton.

In linen manufacture flax is soaked to separate the good from what was regarded as the useless fibre. Now this waste is converted, with an addition of cotton, into a valuable fibre which can be spun. The yarn is woven into a cheap strong fabric resembling linen, which we may call linen-cotton.

## OUR LITTLE TIME

I have in my hand a book with perhaps a million letters in it. If you can imagine that it represents the life of the Sun, the Christian Era on Earth might be represented by the last letter.

Sir James Jeans

## A SPAN OF 1080 FEET

### Third Longest in the World

With the opening of the Birchenough Bridge in the wilds of Southern Rhodesia this week the British Empire becomes the proud possessor of two of the three longest single-span bridges in the world.

It is 1080 feet, the two bridges with longer spans being the Bayonne Bridge, south of New York, and the Sydney Harbour Bridge, which has a span of 1650 feet.

The Birchenough Bridge is the first long-span bridge in the Empire to be made with high-tension steel, which is much stronger than the silicon steel used in the Sydney Bridge. It is an interesting fact that the actual wire ropes used by the builders (Dorman Long) in supporting the huge cantilevers at Sydney were used by them for the same purpose in the construction of this bridge, and now support its roadway.

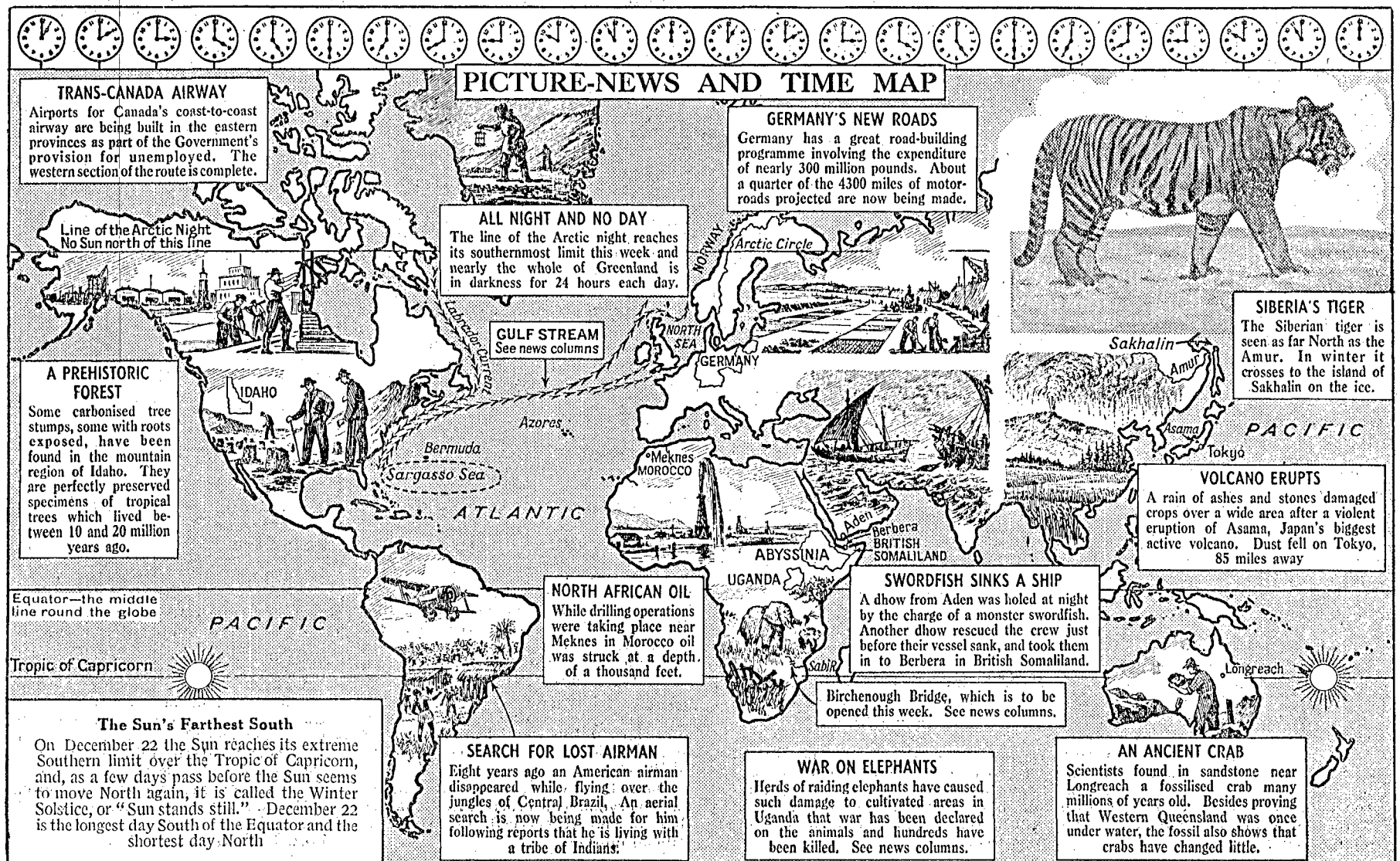
The River Sabi flows 280 feet below the centre of the arch, and it is to enable tourists to reach the beautiful mountains which feed it, as well as to link the markets of the east and west of the colony, that the Beit Trust have given this bridge to the inhabitants.

It is a triumph of engineering, having been completed in 20 months in spite of the fact that the nearest town, Victoria, is 100 miles away. *See World Map*

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Two drawings by Watteau . . .	£2600
Silver-gilt bowl, 1722 . . .	£1250
Pair of loving cups, 1714 . . .	£918
Pair of silver-gilt vases, 1675 . . .	£850
Brush drawing by Fragonard . . .	£780
Oil sketch by Goya . . .	£750
Drawing by Canaletto . . .	£560
Set of four strawberry dishes, 1717 . . .	£286
Four silver candlesticks, 1705 . . .	£280
Irish potato ring, 1771 . . .	£152
Chelsea vase and cover . . .	£142





# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 21 1935

## The Haves and the Have-Nots

WE must be thankful that it was our own Foreign Secretary who raised at Geneva the gravest problem the League of Nations has to face, the very grave problem of the Haves and the Have-Nots.

All the main troubles between nations or tribes have arisen from need for land to live upon. The tribe, in its valley, multiplied until it had to seek more area upon which to live. Thus arose migrations, and thus came kingdoms and empires.

If we examine the case of Germany we find that she has 66,000,000 people living on 182,000 square miles, while France has 41,000,000 people living on 213,000 square miles. Germany has no colonies; France has a colonial Empire of nearly five million square miles.

Germany's colonies were taken from her by the Peace Treaty of 1919 and given, under mandate, to Britain and France, the areas being:

British Empire 827,000 sq. miles  
France .. .. 248,000 sq. miles

In addition the Peace Treaty took from Germany 26,600 square miles of European territory rich in coal, iron, zinc, and potash, and many flourishing industries.

Thus Germany is very clearly a Have-Not. She has 66 millions crowded into a small area in Europe, while we have about the same number of British people free to live (when our Dominions will allow us!) in a quarter of the entire world!

Man needs area on which to make a home, and it is not enough to say that "we will freely sell you raw materials." The crowded nations need new homelands; and how to bring this about ought not to be made a problem of war. It is essentially a problem of peace, which develops into one of war only if it is neglected.

The world has a diameter of only 7900 miles, and so much of the surface is water that the entire land area is only 56 million square miles, of which a great part consists of deserts. We live within the range of a few degrees of temperature, and have to make the best of it.

Yet in truth we do not make the best of it. Waste and neglect are everywhere to be found on the map, even while in certain crowded regions men, locked within hard-and-fast political boundaries, cry out for more room to live.

This is indeed a problem for the League of Nations. Who will bring it to the fore in the New Year coming, and so avert the greatest cause of war?



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### Janet Roper

SHE is a lady who badly wanted to do some useful work in the world, and she was inspired, on racking her brains, to find work that was really wanted.

She took up the task of tracing missing seamen. This year alone in New York 160 have been found, and many happy reunions with relations have been effected in her office.

Great is her correspondence with shipping masters and port captains all over the world, and great the disappointments; but since 1915 this noble and persevering lady has located more than five thousand men.

### The Dusty World

IT seems that the Earth's highest dust cloud is the ice plume streaming like a cloud from the crest of Everest.

Dust is the support for the icy vapour, and this cloud is nearly 14 miles above the lowest of the Earth's dust deposits, on the bottom of the Nares Deep, 44,000 feet below the ocean level.

These figures give an idea of the universal presence of dust in Earth and sea and sky. Even distilled water has a million motes to a cubic inch.

### The Little Stranger Grows Up

WE remember standing some years ago in the Orange Room of the famous House in the Wood at The Hague, where an old Dutch official told us of the first Peace Conference, held in that chamber in 1899.

The representatives of 25 nations had been accommodated when a 26th arrived. "At first," said our friend, "we did not know where to place him, so, till things settled down, we just set him here," pointing to a window recess.

The nation for whom the embarrassing little stranger spoke was Japan, then, in spite of her victory over China, considered quite unimportant. Today, at another conference, she is the all-important member, a leaven of unrest.

### The Hero

ALL the world has applauded the courage of the Emperor of Abyssinia, calm and purposeful with Italian bombs falling around him.

Brave men do experience fear, but they conquer its effects. It was the man who was afraid that Wellington called for, and it was General Gordon who admitted that he and terror were no strangers.

"For my part," he wrote, "I am always frightened, and very much so. It is not the fear of death: thank God I am past that; but I fear defeat and its consequences. I do not believe in the calm, unmoved man. I think it is only that he does not show it outwardly."

Is not the hero he who knows and counts the cost and is not deflected from his purpose?

### A Rich Man's Chance

IT is rather sad to read that Europe's biggest telescope has been made but cannot be used! It is a pity, for it has a diameter of over four feet.

It seems that Basle Observatory ordered the giant telescope and that the instrument has been duly delivered. The available funds have been exhausted, however, and the telescope cannot be mounted, so that it lies in its packing-case awaiting a generous benefactor.

We wish that Europe could arrange for just one gun less to enable Basle's telescope to be mounted.

### Tip-Cat

IN youth people often have leanings toward vegetarianism. Their salad days.

WATERS have secret signals. Give each other tips.

IT is the fashion in furnishing to carry out the Chinese idea. Why not leave it in?

A BUNGALOW has sunk into the ground. The rent ought to be lowered too.

Peter Puck  
Wants To  
Know

If front seats  
are best at  
side-shows



A BUSINESS girl has to start at the bottom of the ladder. Or buy a new pair of stockings.

EVERYBODY should keep the law. Where can they keep it?

A MAN has had his house flooded two hundred times. Anyhow, he can't have a dry life.

CAN a man's character be told by his features? Only by his mouth.

A CARPET manufacturer has made his fortune. Yet his goods are easily beaten.



## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

£200,000 has been subscribed to a King's Jubilee Fund in Australia for infant welfare.

OVER £40,000 has just been distributed by the Bernhard Baron Trust.

SIR ABE BAILEY has given £5000 a year for ever to the Institute of International Affairs.

THE LMS has given Crewe 23,000 books for a library.

### JUST AN IDEA

The present is not everything; think of it as a little bridge between the past and the future.

## Spin the Great Wheel of Earth About

FOR still the Lord is Lord of might; In deeds, in deeds, He takes delight;

The plough, the spear, the laden barks, The field, the founded city, marks; He marks the smiler of the streets, The singer upon garden seats; He sees the climber in the rocks; To Him the shepherd folds his flocks. For those He loves that underprop With daily virtues Heaven's top, And bear the falling sky with ease, Unfrowning caryatides.

Those He approves that ply the trade, That rock the child, that wed the maid, That with weak virtues, weaker hands, Sow gladness on the peopled lands, And still with laughter, song, and shout Spin the great wheel of Earth about.

Robert Louis Stevenson

## The Bells of Mexico

THOSE who have been kept awake all night by (let us say) the bells in the cathedral tower at Chichester will be interested in this story from Mr Harold Nicolson's new book on Mr Dwight Morrow, who was U.S. Ambassador in Mexico.

It was through his intervention that the churches were reopened in Mexico in 1929, and at dawn on June 30 he was awakened by the crash of church bells.

"Betty," he called across to his wife, "do you hear that? I have opened the churches in Mexico."

The noise continued unabated, and was increased by the explosion of fireworks and maroons.

"Would you," Morrow asked after half an hour of this, "now like me to close the churches in Mexico?"

## A Word From Shakespeare

To One Pursuing a Cruel Course

The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest:

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;

Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The thronèd monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway, It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself; And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice.

The Prayer of Sir Thomas Browne

The night is come, like to the day, Depart not Thou, great God, away.

Thou whose nature cannot sleep, On my temples Sentry keep;

Guard me gainst those watchful foes Whose eyes are open while mine close.

While I do rest my Soul advance; Make my sleep a holy trance.

Howe'er I rest, great God, let me Awake again at last with Thee.



## HE FOLLOWS HIS OLD FRIEND

New President of Czecho-Slovakia

### BOHEMIAN FARMER'S SON

It was a foregone conclusion to all those who have followed the career of Dr Benesh that he should be President of Czecho-Slovakia on the retirement of Professor Masaryk.

Czecho-Slovakia belongs to the Minority peoples of Europe, of whom there are four millions, and was a new State made up of three distinct nationalities under the Peace Treaty.



Dr Benesh

The Grand Old Man became President and Dr Benesh Foreign Minister. Dr Benesh is a European statesman of first rank, and a notable League man. He gained his position in the front rank of

European statesmen through sheer force of character and his wide views of the international situation, and by his constructive political and peace policy. Added to this, he is in his moral and religious outlook a truly great man; a sincere Christian and a Protestant. He is never afraid of making the moral appeal, believing firmly that "the work of righteousness shall be peace."

The son of a Bohemian farmer, he was born in 1884. Matthew, the father, was determined to give his son a good education, and managed to send him to the grammar school of his native town of Kozlany, and to the University of Prague. Profiting by his chances, he passed on to study in Paris, Berlin, and London, and finally he became a professor in the University of Prague, and has remained there ever since, even while being Foreign Minister.

In 1917 he was in Paris as diplomat and journalist in the cause of the liberation of the Czechs from under the Hapsburg yoke, and he represented his country at the Peace Conference.

#### The Little Entente

One of the founders of the Little Entente (Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia), he has never ceased to work for the consolidation of this Central European bloc. He is never tired of extolling its immense usefulness in the cause of peace. There is but one aim, and always the same, he says: "to adapt ourselves to circumstances, to the development and march of events in a spirit favourable to the best interests of Central Europe and the whole of Europe, never attempting to revise by force anything for which we struggle, for that way is war, chaos, and anarchy, but to struggle for a new conception of regional relationships re-enforced by peace, and leading to the reconstruction of a new era of prosperity for Europe and the entire world."

### THE HIGHER THE WARMER

The records of the Russian balloon which reached a height of over 18 miles form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the stratosphere.

At eight miles, when the stratosphere had just been entered, the temperature had fallen to 70 degrees below freezing. At just below 12 miles it was only 58 degrees below, and at just over 16 miles it was 52 degrees below. Then it remained unaltered till the balloon ceased to rise at something over 18 miles. The belief is thus confirmed that at greater heights the temperature would continue to rise.

## THE WONDERFUL CHINESE PEOPLE

Artists When We Were Fighting Each Other

Speaking for the Government, our First Commissioner of Works, who preserves for us our own national monuments, paid this tribute to China in connection with the Chinese Exhibition at the Academy.

For 3000 years and more the Chinese have continued to fashion things of beauty, spiritual harmony, and delight in every medium of fine art.

When, in this island, the recently-arrived tribes of Belgae were vainly trying to withstand the legions of Julius and Claudius Caesar, the Han Emperors had long given China a new unity, peace, culture, and learning.

This exhibition will come as a great surprise to many English people. The large early jades, the ritual bronze vessels, the tomb figures, the romantic landscape paintings, and ceramics of exquisite design and taste, of all ages, are things hitherto unfamiliar to all but a few scholars. China as the source of things of delicacy and delight for household use and ornament we know; but China as the fountain which flowed with art of deep spiritual and religious intensity, with an intellectual penetration and comprehension, was known to few of us.

The teeming millions of this fruitful land in Eastern Asia are now seen to have enjoyed a leadership in artistic culture that has enriched human experience with contributions of the very highest significance. The finest things of the spirit are undying and eternal. May China guard carefully and proudly the incomparable heritage of her great and splendid past. Henceforth her works will long be a source of admiration and inspiration to us all.

## NAZI JUSTICE

Important Decision At The Hague

The vital principle of justice that a judge must base his decision and sentence on the written law and not on an opinion of what the law should be has recently been endorsed by the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.

The Nazi Senate of Danzig, as its governing body duly elected by the Diet, issued decrees amending the criminal law and making an act punishable, even though no particular law was applicable, if that act deserved punishment according to the fundamental idea of some penal law or according to sound popular feeling.

Three of the political parties who are in a minority to the Nazis in the Diet handed a petition to the League's Commissioner at Danzig contending that these decrees were a violation of the Constitution of the Free City, and that they also enabled the judges to make arbitrary decisions.

The Commissioner referred the petition to the League, who submitted it to The Hague Court. By nine votes to three that Court has declared the decrees to be inconsistent with the Constitution, pointing out that under them the judge's view of the idea behind the law would apply instead of the text of the law itself.

### RULES FOR SILLY MOTORISTS

Do not stop or overtake at corners.  
Do not hog over the crown of a hill.  
Do not start and then put out your hand.  
Do not give wrong signals.  
Do not cut-in.  
Do not keep a car standing with the headlights on.  
Do not drive on with your trafficator out.  
Do not back into a main road when turning.  
Do not obstruct traffic filtering in.

## ALL-ELECTRIC HOUSE

Effect of Cheap Current

CHEAPER BUILDING

The enterprise of some electricity authorities in cheapening electric current is bringing us within easy reach of the All-Electric House.

Already in some cases current is being supplied at the all-round rate, for any purpose, whether lighting or heating or cooking, of three units for a penny. That makes many good things possible for the householder.

It is not generally realised how much is saved in building costs by the all-electric plan. Even with a small house there may be a saving of £100 to £150.

As no flues are required there is a big economy in bricks, mortar, and brick-laying. No overmantels or grates are needed. The plumbing bill, always a big item, is reduced. No coal-cellar is required. Each room gains in space, while one wall or corner is set free for the better arrangement of furniture.

It is true that electric appliances must be installed, but these, in the case of a small house, would cost from a third to a half of the sum saved in dispensing with flues and coal appliances.

There would be a saving not only of work but in renewing fabrics and in the cost of soaps and polishes.

## A LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE ON YOUR HEAD

M. de Beauvoir, a town councillor of Rouen in Normandy, is proposing that pedestrians be obliged to carry lanterns at night in unlighted roads and streets. Meanwhile, those who walk the country roads of Normandy have been urgently advised to adopt this precaution in the hope of reducing accidents.

At present lamps of all types may be seen in the hands of pedestrians, everything from red paper lanterns with candles inside to electric torches. But if you have a perambulator to push and several parcels to carry it is sometimes difficult to find a spare finger for a lantern. A correspondent therefore suggests that the walker's hat should be equipped with an electric torch at the top, slightly raised like a miniature lighthouse, and attached with a clip so that when he puts up his umbrella he can transfer his light to its tip.

We are living in new times with new dangers, and we must use all our mother wit to find ways to make life safe among them. The thought of luminous caps for country roads may seem odd at first, but we should soon become used to them, and no doubt wonder how we ever got on in the "dark ages" before they were invented.

## A LIVING PICTURE OF THE SUN

The Sun is to appear on the films, its changing clouds, its spots, its flaming prominences all laid bare.

A tower telescope is being made at an observatory of the University of Michigan for the purpose. It will have two flat mirrors to pick up the Sun's light. The first will follow the Sun across the sky every day throughout the year. The second will reflect the light into a lens which will produce an image of the Sun four inches across.

The accumulated result will be to give a number of uniform pictures of the Sun which together can be treated as a moving picture of it.

On a film they can be run through at any desired speed, so that the screen will show a sunspot wax and wane as it travels across the disc, or a flaming prominence of hydrogen gas shooting up like an explosion.

Other observatories have photographic Sun records (Greenwich Observatory takes one every day when the Sun can be seen), but this will be the first continuous movie of the Sun.

## RED ROCK'S CHRISTMAS

How They Kept It Last Year

### "A SLIP OF A GIRL IN SHADY COVE SCHOOL"

Red Rock, a hamlet of some 150 people in the Southern Appalachian Mountains in USA, had suffered bitterly by the depression.

Unemployment had laid a heavy hand on its people. The children were bare-foot in midwinter, the miserable shacks lacked the very rudiments of life. The people were hungry and ill and hopeless. There was no means to celebrate Christmas; no one thought of it.

How Red Rock has its Christmas party is a story that cheers one up.

Miss Ella Enslow, a mere slip of a girl who had gone to teach in the worst of all possible schools in Shady Cove, had stayed to write a story, and this story had so touched the heart of America that the young schoolteacher was swamped with gifts of money, clothing, books, and toys for "her people." Never were they so warmly clothed as last winter, she tells us, and at their Community Party five days before Christmas there were gifts for everyone, while contributions still poured in.

#### Wonderful Answer To Prayer

But over the hill and up the gulch from Shady Cove Red Rock remained sunk in its misery. Its troubles weighed heavily on the heart of a personal service worker of a nearby church, Mrs Mayben. In a prayer meeting one night Mrs Mayben, with tears in her voice, prayed to God to do something for Red Rock.

The next morning Miss Ella was called to the telephone by the goods manager at the station, pleading with her to come and do something with the parcels that were pouring in. His office was full, he said, and a fresh trainload was discharging more parcels still.

On her way to the station Miss Ella stopped to see Mrs Mayben. "Would your church like to give Red Rock a party, with presents for everyone?" she asked. Mrs Mayben wept. It seemed such a prompt and wonderful answer to prayer. The goods manager thought so too.

#### A Glorious Day

This is how Miss Ella describes that glorious day in her book *Schoolhouse in the Foothills*.

"On Christmas Day a procession of automobiles and trucks arrived at Red Rock at about 11 in the morning. Then came the dinner, real turkey and trimmings; and those famished folk picked the bones clean. They had known the dinner was scheduled, but when the rest of their good fortune burst upon them they were stricken breathless; shoes, dresses, coats, hats, men's suits, children's stockings—clothing enough to keep them warm for many months. For the girls there were bracelets, necklaces, rings, dolls; there were toys and books for the boys. None of the younger ones had ever owned a book, not even a school book. They were in transports of joy, while the faces of their elders were wet with streaming tears.

"If the kindly people who gave all that bounty could have looked in only for a minute upon our two Christmas parties last year they would have been well repaid, I think, for their generosity, which to my collaborator and myself was an amazing revelation of the loving tenderness of human beings. It tightened one's throat and gave one new faith in the destiny of Society."

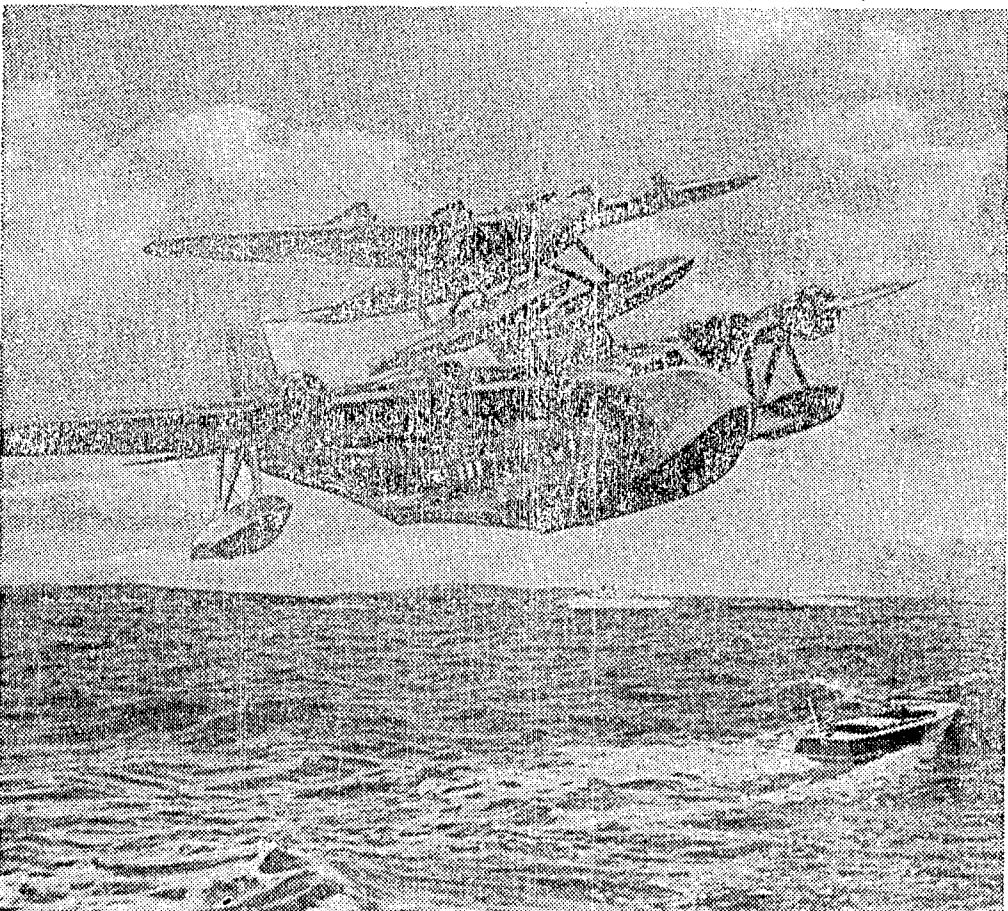
To any Litter Lout  
The Street is Not Your Dustbin



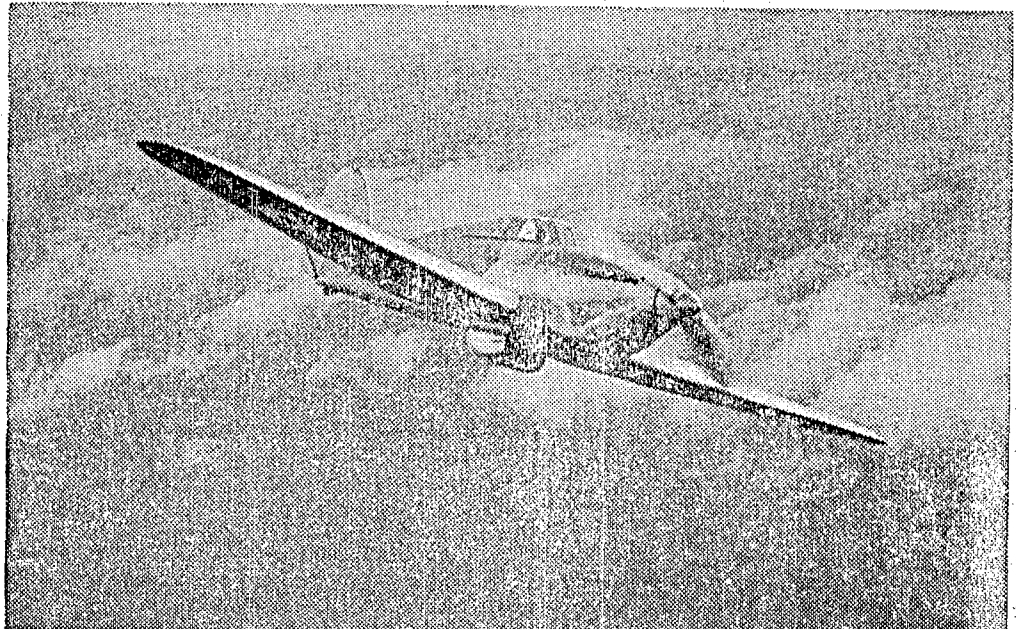
## On the Water and In the Air



Sailors in the Making—Boys of the naval training establishment at Shotley out for a practice row.



Two Planes in One—An artist's impression of the new composite flying-boat and seaplane which is being built for the Atlantic Airway. The flying-boat carries to a great height the heavily-laden seaplane, which is then launched to make the Atlantic crossing, while the flying-boat returns to its base.



High-Speed Plane—The new Hawker monoplane built for the R.A.F. The undercarriage is drawn up into the wings when in flight, and the machine is capable of very high speeds.

## THE LION BORN IN THE ZOO

### And the Lion in the Wild

The birth of new lion cubs at the Zoo has prompted the question why zoo-born lions never become as tame as lions born in the wild.

Neither zoo staffs nor circus proprietors, it is said, can explain why this should be so, but that is incorrect. Frank Bostock, one of the most successful and humane of trainers, explained it all very clearly long ago. There is a reason, and experience and observation taught him all about it.

Lions at large, where men hunt or resist them, fear men as the only creatures which can kill or wound at a distance; so, when taken captive, they begin their training with a sense of the superior powers of their captors. They are never permitted, as far as is possible to prevent it, from knowing how much greater is their own strength than that of the trainer, who, if he accidentally receives a scratch or a blow, must never show pain, fear, or anger, and so incite the lion to further, and deliberate attack; he must continue his lesson if he can or get out quickly but calmly if he is unable to prolong his teaching.

### Trained, Not Tamed

The wild lion is never really tamed, Bostock said, but only trained, disciplined, taught to regard his keeper as the source of food supply, and of variety in the dull round of existence; but the natural ferocity is there, latent, ready to blaze up if accident stirs the passion of the animal. Lion and man respect and fear each other, without betraying nerves.

The zoo-bred lion, on the other hand, is born to familiarity with men. It is petted and loved and spoilt, like a precious child or kitten. As it grows older it may scratch its keeper, causing him to release it in a hurry. Realising that a bite or scratch secures its freedom, the growing cub scratches or bites whenever it resents intrusion or handling. It quickly grasps the fact that it can hurt man, and that the man does not, or cannot, retaliate.

### The Menagerie Cub

So it develops strength and stature with a corresponding contempt for the physical powers of its keeper, and comes to rebel against any attempt to discipline or train it. No matter how kind its treatment, the lion does not lose its nature, its power, its proneness to strike out with the horny knives hidden in its paws, or to grip with its bone-shattering teeth.

The wild lion comes into captivity a mastered animal, convinced of the invincible might or cunning of men; the menagerie cub grows up with constant proof of its ability to master the person who attends it. In no case is the saying more true that familiarity breeds contempt; here it is the contempt of a home-reared lion for the man who is responsible for its upbringing and training.

## HOUSING WHOLESALE L C C Enterprise

The L C C is tackling the housing problem on a proper scale. It proposes to acquire grazing land in Essex measuring 434 acres of which the greater part is in Chigwell.

Allowing for roads and open spaces, we may suppose that this great estate will carry over four houses to the acre, or perhaps 2000 homes. At four persons to the house this means a population of 8000. It will cause a further decrease of London's central population, as people seek the healthier areas in the outer ring.

## Little Women A BRAVE GIRL

A LITTLE girl once heard a noise in the big oven. She opened it and saw the terrified face of a black man.

Slamming the door she ran to her mother, who said she must not speak of it, even to her own family, for the man was a runaway slave.

The little girl was Louisa Alcott. She never forgot the frightened man in the oven, and when America was split by a civil war over the question of slavery she offered her services as a nurse on the side of the Abolitionists.

She nearly worked herself to death in the dirty hospital at Georgetown, with its broken windows, its cockroaches, and rats. At last she was carried home, ill with typhoid.

### A Rebel Schoolmaster

In a new Life of Louisa Alcott, by Cornelia Meigs, we learn that her famous book *Little Women* was a true story. But Louisa Alcott (who was Jo) could not put her father into the book, because the world could not have understood him.

Bronson Alcott was a rebel schoolmaster. For one thing, he thought that a schoolroom window should let in sunshine, whereas the world thought a schoolroom window should be white-washed so that the children should not look out. He had all sorts of ideas like that, ideas about education, commonplace to us now, but which seemed madness a hundred years ago.

So Bronson Alcott was always starting schools, and then losing all his pupils. In 29 years the family moved 28 times. They were always desperately poor, but loving and gay.

One winter Bronson Alcott went away on a lecture tour. The family expected great things of it. At last he came home. After the welcome one of the children spoke the question that was in all their minds: Had he brought back any money?

From his pocket-book he produced one dollar. "Another time I shall do better," he said. "I call that doing very well," said his wife bravely.

He tried farming. He worked like a slave; and so did the children and mother, but they could not make enough to feed and warm themselves.

## A Surprise For the

THE captain of the Australian cricketers leaving Adelaide Station for South Africa must have been very surprised to see an elderly lady in a Victorian costume like an old photograph making her way toward him through the crowd of seers off on the railway platform.

So eager was she that she might have been the keenest cricket enthusiast of them all, bent on shaking the captain's hand and wishing the team good luck; but it was our Mrs Daisy Bates, and though a cricket match at Lord's may be one of her treasured memories of England, it was not cricket enthusiasm that brought her here. She had come to give the Australian captain, Vic Anderson, a small sum of money and to beg him to spend it on packets of flour and tea and sugar for her lost children, the aborigines who haunt the railway line between Taccoola and Ooldea.

Ever since Mrs Bates left her tent among these aborigines to settle in Adelaide and write their story and hers, she has known how they must be missing Kabbarli, the ever-loving grandmother, as they called her. She had already sent them gifts from her small funds, but did not know whether these had reached them safely. A sudden inspiration made her dash to the station to beg the cricketers to take with them.



## Was True L'S TRIUMPH

All through the years of dire poverty they were cheered by the constant friendship of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who would hide little gifts of money in the Alcott house. He believed in Alcott's ideas; and so did Robert Owen.

But those ideas did not fill the pot or warm the hearth. One bitter winter Alcott came in to say that he had just loaded all their fuel on the sledge of a poor man with a sick child. His long-suffering wife broke down at last. She had a delicate baby too. But as she spoke there was a knock at the door, and a neighbour was there with a load of fuel for them.

Always love and friendship saved them from utter disaster; but always they were in need, and Louisa's whole will was centred on making money for the brave mother who toiled all day and sewed half the night. She was even prepared to accept the task, most hateful to a lively young girl, of mending linen at an institution for ten hours a day; but as she was packing up she was offered work as governess to an invalid child.

### Fame and Fortune

Mrs Alcott found employment as official visitor to the poor. Finally, through Emerson's influence, her husband was made superintendent of schools in Concord, and was at last able to put his ideas into force.

It was while she was recovering from typhoid caught in the war hospital that Louisa wrote *Hospital Sketches*. Other books followed, and at long last in 1868 *Little Women* brought her fame and fortune.

She died 16 years later, but not before she had been able to give her family all the good things she had dreamed about, and had seen her father come into his own as a thinker and lecturer.

Louisa was 46 when she died, and the greater part of her life was filled with hardship, drudgery, and disappointment. Yet this is the story of a happy soul. The Alcotts loved one another and made jokes of their troubles; there was nothing at all that was sordid or bitter in their long struggle for food and warmth and shelter.

## Cricket Captain

some more gifts to these natives, who must not think she had deserted them.

"Tell them that Kabbarli sent them, and watch their faces when you speak of me," she begged, and the captain, good fellow that he is, promised to do so.

These cricketers will not now forget either Mrs Bates or the aborigines whose welfare so urgently needs watching by good Australians; and these primitive Blackfellows of the East-West Line will know that Kabbarli still cares for them, though at 76 she thought it best to leave her tent and write down for posterity all that she knows of their dying race. Her story is shortly going to be told in the *Adelaide Advertiser*, and much may come of all she has to say of the need for a special commissioner, a kind of all-loving grandfather, to keep an eye on Australia's aborigines and make the best of what little life is left for them.

### PRINCE THREE UMBRELLAS

It is the custom in Japan for the princes of the Royal House to choose and add a new title to their names on reaching their majority.

Prince Sumi no Miya, the Emperor's youngest brother, was 21 the other day, and chose for his new title Prince Mikasa; that is to say, Prince Three Umbrellas.

## A WOODEN SHIP On a Magnetic Ocean SOMETHING NEW FOR THE ADMIRALTY

The wooden walls of Old England have not yet had their day. The Admiralty is about to build a wooden ship.

Her name, *Research*, is a warrant that she is to be employed only for peaceful purposes. Her work, like that of those who make the Admiralty charts, which cover the seas of the world, will be at the whole world's disposal.

The *Research* is to make a magnetic survey of the seas, and she will take up the work where the American ship *Carnegie* laid it down six years ago. The *Carnegie*, built by the Carnegie Institute and owned by Washington University, had nearly completed her second world voyage when she blew up in Apia harbour with the loss of many valuable records.

### The Earth's Magnetism

The new British research ship will be built like the *Carnegie*, with hardly any iron in her to deflect the accuracy of the magnetic observations. Her wooden frame will be secured with bronze bolts, her rigging will be of hemp, the anchors of bronze.

It is impracticable to equip her wholly as a sailing ship because she has to move slowly while taking observations in the open ocean. But her Diesel engines will have hardly a scrap of iron in them. She will be non-magnetic as nearly as science can make her.

The reason for this care is that the observations of the Earth's magnetism are of a very delicate kind, and, because the magnetic differences are slight, are without value unless exact.

But their value becomes great when they are quite accurate, because the navigator, with charts of the Earth's magnetism before him, knows how to allow for the deflection of his compass. Without this knowledge he has to depend on guesswork or former experience.

## LITTLE VICTIMS OF THE FLOOD

### Guides Tackle a Big Problem

From Our Poland Correspondent

The Girl Guides Home at Dworek Cisowy in Poland is ringing with the happy voices of 30 children.

Last year a terrible flood in the district brought misery and poverty to the villagers. The Guides helped to rescue people, cattle, and goods, but when the waters subsided it was found that hundreds of families had lost everything: even their land was spoiled, the fertile soil being washed away or stones deposited. So the Guides continued their work.

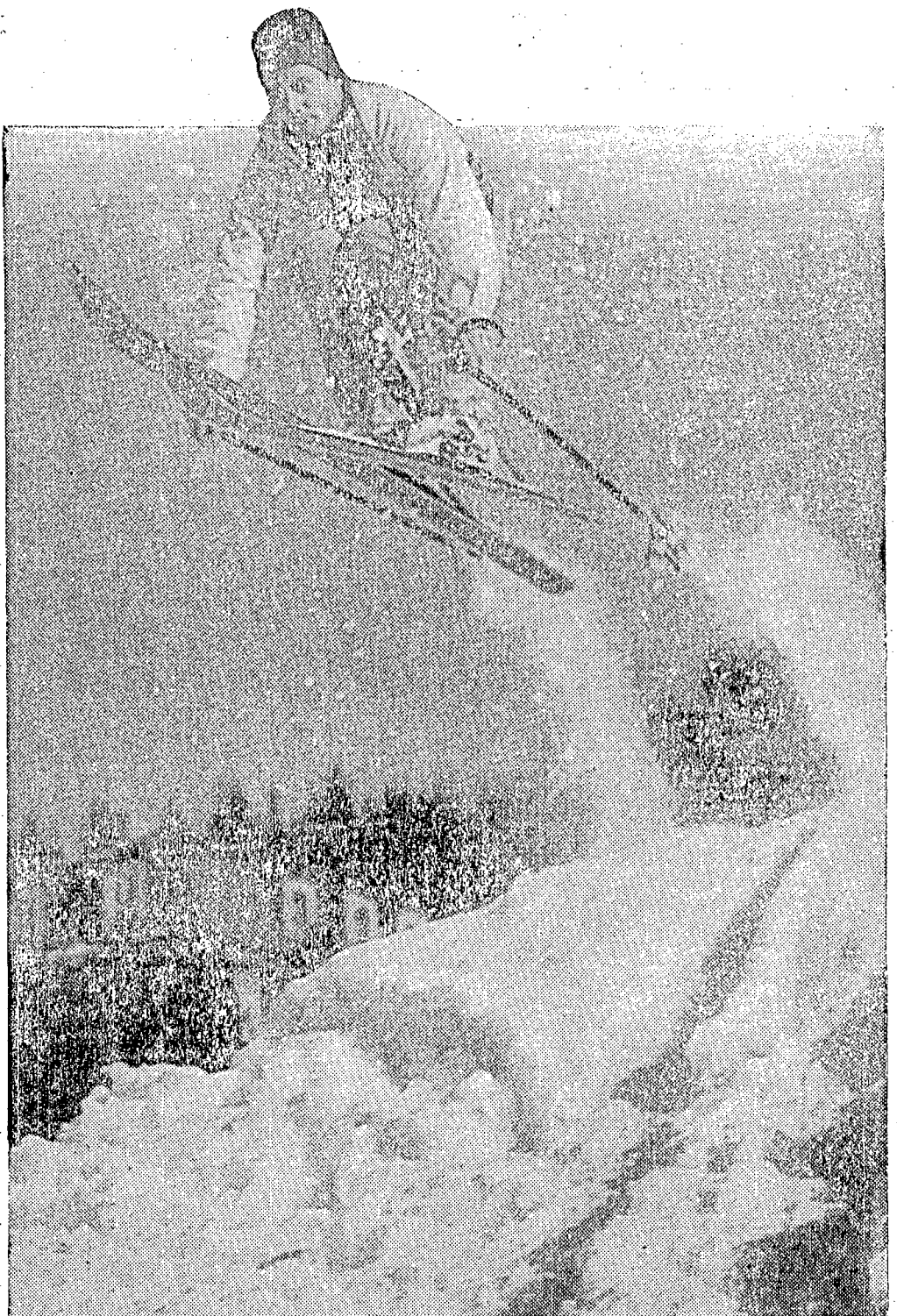
Relief committees sent them funds and they collected 50 babies who were in danger of starving and looked after them until the summer, by which time the parents had had a chance to start a new home.

This autumn the boarding school was opened again, and little ones will once more be cared for through the worst months of the year. They are learning table manners and simple health rules, and how to romp and play—things which the heavy hand of poverty had pushed into the background in their own homes.

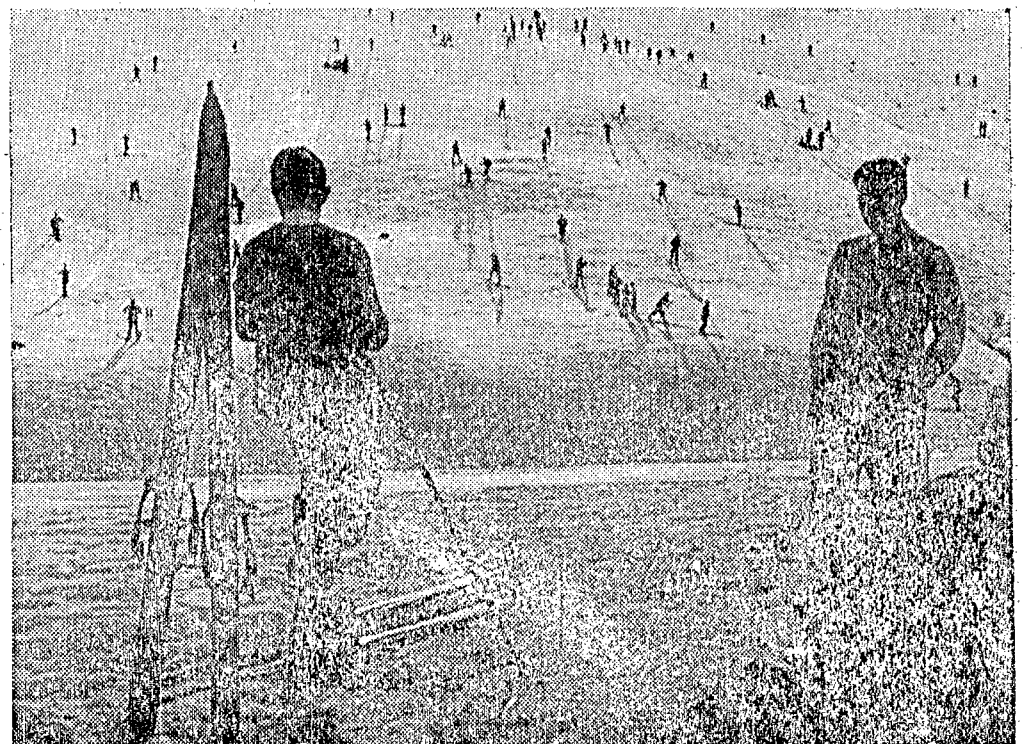
One little girl of four could not speak when she arrived, and the Guides thought her abnormal. Soon she began to repeat words, and then to talk sensibly, and on investigation the cause of her backwardness was discovered. Her poor widowed mother had to go to work every day and all day, leaving the child locked in a tiny cottage with a bowl of food. By the time the mother returned the child was already asleep.

Another little girl without home or family has been adopted by the Guides. With such a fine crowd of big sisters she too should grow up to be a true neighbour to those in need of help.

## Playtime in the Mountains



The Expert—A thrilling ski jump at Murren in Switzerland.



The Learners—A glimpse of the nursery slopes at an Alpine resort where beginners are learning to ski. There is a growing tendency for Christmas holidays to be spent at winter sports centres.



## WHAT IS IT THAT MOVES THE TWIG?

A VERY CURIOUS THING  
Mysterious Power That Science  
Cannot Explain

### FEELING THE PRESENCE OF WATER

What is it that gives the dowser his power to find hidden water with his twig?

The old-fashioned dowser, who had hardly learned to call himself a water diviner, did not attempt to explain it. Years ago, before the foundations of the White City at Shepherd's Bush were laid, we accompanied one of the famous old dowsers who had been called in to discover water on the site.

He ambled here and there, with the twig in his hands; and when he came to this or that spot he called our attention to the twig, held by its two ends, cocking itself up between his fingers. There, he said, would water be found by boring. He would even permit one of us, the onlookers, to hold the twig while he grasped our hands, and for one reason or another the twig seemed to twist in the fingers.

#### Our Experience

Since then (only the other day) we have had the opportunity of testing the hazel twig and have felt its pull with great strength, altogether puzzling us.

That is our experience of water dowsing, and we are unable to say whether the dowser's findings proved right; but since that time we have met a number of honest people who claim that they have the dowser's mysterious power and, either with or without a twig, have found water.

A vast amount has been written on the subject, and at Oxford and elsewhere, where municipal authorities have sent for a water diviner, there are many people who are convinced that this remarkable power or instinct exists.

On the other hand, sceptics maintain that water-finding is easy, for underground water exists in most parts of England, and anyone with an eye for country can discover it.

But the water diviners, as explained by Mr H. M. Budgett to the British Society of Water Diviners, are not satisfied with simple explanations. Mr Budgett agrees that when the twig twists in his fingers a change of tension in the muscles produces the twisting, and that the twist will only occur when water is below.

#### At Kew Observatory

He tried it at the Zoo and the Regent's Canal, in the subway beneath the Thames at Greenwich, in the Sneyd Colliery at Burslem 3000 feet below the ground, and in an aeroplane 5000 feet above it. At all times and places the twig turned for water. He also tried with a complicated piece of apparatus instead of a twig at Kew Observatory, which we must remark is a likely place for water, because the Thames flows a hundred yards away. A number of wells close by have been sunk for water in ground which is often water-logged.

Mr Budgett finds no explanation to fit all the facts, unless it is that some unknown rays influence the diviner and his muscles.

On this theory judgment must be suspended till somebody finds the wavelength of the rays. That is the acid test of all rays.

#### DISARMING?

Further proof of the unpopularity of arms is to be found in the fact that the Territorial Army is far below strength. On November 1 the officers were 2003 short, and other ranks showed a fall of 2269 compared with a year ago.

## WEALTH GOING UP IN SMOKE

Failure of the Law  
HOW TO MAKE US HAPPIER  
AND RICHER

A correspondent newly returned from a visit to the North of England speaks of his amazement at finding palls of smoke still polluting the industrial cities and shutting out sunlight.

It is with smoke as with road fatalities: the law is indifferently respected and enforced. Offenders get off lightly with light fines, and defy alike the legislature and the laws of common sense.

Smoke is wasted fuel. We dig up coal, at great cost of life and treasure. We then burn it, in large part, not to help work but to make work, especially for women. Attempts are made daily to wash away the dirt so wantonly created, but the labour is vain. Nothing can restore the materials injured by coal smoke. It is not realised that masonry rots like a textile before the smoke nuisance.

The social consequences are as grave. Smoke takes years from the lives of working women, and makes their life a weary contest with unnecessary dirt. The general town atmosphere of manufactured dirtiness affects both life and work unconsciously.

A hundred thousand boilers in use today in British industry waste nearly half the coal burned under them. Yet we know how to get at least 80 per cent of boiler efficiency out of coal.

The determined application of law against smoke would make life happier and richer.

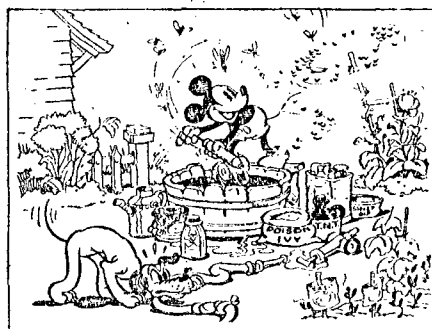
### BRISTOL 50 MILES NEARER CARDIFF

One of the first Bills to come before the new Parliament provides for a bridge which will be the longest in England.

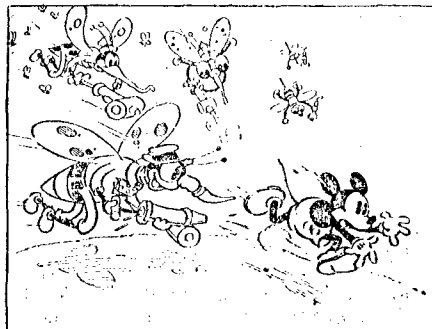
It will be the road bridge across the estuary of the Severn, and will shorten the journey between Bristol and Cardiff by 50 miles. The CN has already described the steps taken to plan this bridge, and the Gloucester and Monmouth County Councils who have produced this Bill are to be congratulated on the speed with which they have acted.

The bridge will be over two miles long and will have a centre span of 1400 feet, supported at a height of 105 feet above the river by towers 315 feet high. The cost will be £2,480,000.

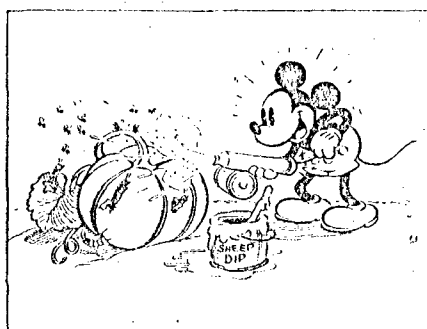
## Mickey Mouse In His Garden



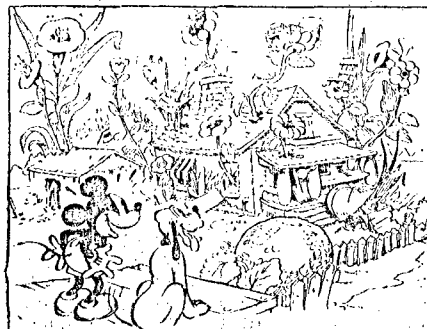
Mickey and Pluto prepare to spray the garden



Mickey, overcome by fumes, has a dream



War declared against the insect pests



Mickey's dream garden grows and grows

From Walt Disney's new film, Mickey's Garden, to be seen in the kinemas in the New Year

## WORK WAITING TO BE DONE

Look After Our Little Harbours

### CHEAPEST FORM OF TRANSPORT

The CN is always saying there is plenty of work waiting to be done; here is some of it.

Many of the smaller harbours round our coasts have been allowed to silt up during the years of depression, and though the future volume of trade will not justify the cost of dredging in some, in others dredging would be well worth while. Especially is this the case in ports where, by the construction of a groyne, one dredging would free the port for a long time to come.

At their annual meeting the other day the British Motor and Sailing Ship Owners called attention to this need, pointing out that the efforts made in constructing craft to compete with foreign vessels would be useless without an equal development of coastal ports.

#### Things Urgently Needed

Valuable time is lost when the water is not deep enough to permit the free movement of vessels at the quays. Coastal vessels are now built with greater width and less draught in order to enable them to navigate shallower waters, but this improvement in design is of no avail unless harbour entrances, bridge abutments, and lock gates are widened. As an example the inland port of Gloucester may be given. The ship canal linking it with the sea at Sharpness 16 miles away is both wide and deep enough for modern craft, but there are 19 bridges, and many of them impede navigation.

There is urgent need, too, for improvements on quays and their approaches. Cranes are obsolete, sheds and warehouses have rat-infested wooden floors, and the roads and railway lines serving the ports are inadequate.

There is no doubt that the decline of many of our ports is due to tariffs, but in spite of this transport by water still remains the cheapest method of carrying goods from the mining and manufacturing areas to most parts of our island, and every improvement to our harbours must be welcomed. It not only relieves our overcrowded roads, but helps to support that seafaring population which has ever been a great source of strength to us all.

## BIG BROTHERS AND YOUNG VAGRANTS

A Failure and a Success  
THE HELPING HAND

The three counties of Berks, Bucks, and Oxon have been driven to abandon the experiment of opening Gray House, Bicester, for young vagrants.

As long as things are as they are there will be vagrants and criminals, says the Joint Committee on closing down after two years, and the report explains that of the 250 youths who have come under its care only 30 are now doing well.

Better fortune has befallen the efforts of the Big Brother Society, dealing with much the same class of young men. In the last year they helped 187 men and boys with only two failures.

"We must not be content with what we are doing; we must have more Big Brothers so that no lad will fail because he needed a friend," declared the late president, Sir Harold Downer, and in that sentence we have a clue to the reason for the disagreement between the Vagrancy Committee and the Big Brother movement. One undertook to do something for the lads; the other tries to be something for them, something they gravely need when they get into trouble—a Friend.

The Society of Big Brothers exists to befriend young offenders who are in the police court for the first time. It was founded by John Brown, Probation Officer of the City of London, who tells us that "£5 gives a lad his chance, and 5s paves the way." His address is the Justice Room at London Guildhall.

## SEEING THE MOVEMENT IN STEEL

Kinematograph Pictures Made With Electrons

By a Scientific Correspondent

The formation and growth of tiny crystals in the structure of white-hot iron have not only been seen by focusing electrons on a screen with a magnetic lens, but have now actually been filmed.

Recent experiments made at the Philips lamp factory in Eindhoven have brought this new scientific magic to a high state of perfection. A strip of iron, after being coated with barium oxide, will emit streams of electrons on being sufficiently heated. These electrons have been so perfectly focused by a lens made of magnets (which deflect the rays) as to form a clear image on a fluorescent screen, and the glowing image has been photographed, pictures being taken every four seconds.

In this way men can watch the change in character of the steel crystals during heat treatment, and the study is providing us with most important information in the chemistry of steel.

## MR BARRETT OF WIMPOLE STREET

Was Mr Barrett of Wimpole Street really such an ogre as the play would have us believe?

Four birthday odes have come to light which are to be sold in New York. They were written by Elizabeth Barrett when she was 14, living at Hope End close to the Malvern Hills, and they give us a glimpse of a happy family life when the Barretts were young.

The first is addressed "To my dearest Papa on his welcome birthday, May 28, 1820," and signed "Your affectionate child Ba." There were also poems written to other members of the family.

Little Elizabeth could read Homer in the original when she was eight, and at twelve she wrote an epic poem in four books on the Battle of Marathon, which her proud father had printed.

The first regular air services between the Irish Free State and England are to begin in the New Year, when Dublin and Liverpool and Dublin and Bristol are to be connected.



## NEXT WEEK'S ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

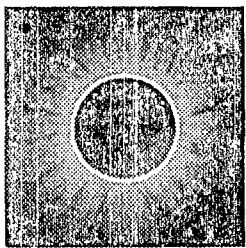
### Why It Will Be Annular

#### THE COMING APPROACH OF VENUS TO JUPITER

By the C N Astronomer

An eclipse of the Sun will occur on Wednesday, December 25, at about 6 p.m., but will only be visible from southern regions of the Earth.

As a partial eclipse it may be witnessed from the Falkland Islands and Tristan da Cunha across Patagonia to New Zealand; in Antarctica only will the greatest phase be visible. The eclipse will be annular; that is, the Sun will appear as a brilliant ring round the Moon, and this results from the Sun being almost at his nearest to us and so large that the Moon cannot quite cover his disc as she passes in front.



What the Sun will look like in next week's eclipse

Total eclipses of the Sun are consequently rare in mid-winter; only when the Moon happens to come exceptionally close to the Earth will she appear large enough entirely to hide the Sun. For instance, when the coming eclipse occurs, the Sun will have an apparent diameter of 32 minutes 34 seconds of arc, whereas the Moon will be about 31 minutes 28 seconds of arc.

From this it will be seen that the average apparent width of the ring of light surrounding the Moon at mid-eclipse will be only 33 seconds of arc, or about one-sixtieth of the apparent width of the Sun; thus we may realise how narrow is the ring of light which encircles the Moon in annular eclipses. Nevertheless she will give far more light than ever the Full Moon does.

An annular eclipse is a singular and impressive spectacle. When it occurs the Sun will have set in this country, but were it possible for us to see the Moon's dark disc she would appear to pass just below the Sun.

Venus is still a lovely object in the south-east sky in the dawn, rising soon after four o'clock and remaining visible until within half an hour of sunrise. She is now about 90 million miles away, nearly as far as the Sun, and rapidly receding from us; so week by week her brilliance will gradually fade as she travels to regions far beyond the Sun. At present Venus appears gibbous, and would be most favourably placed for telescopic study were she not so far away; she is, however, the nearest world to us at the present time, excepting the Moon.

#### An Attractive Spectacle

Jupiter may also now be seen very low in the south-east toward 7 o'clock in the dawn; as he does not rise until nearly 6.30 he is not likely to be visible earlier, but by the end of next week he will rise about 6 o'clock, and by half an hour sooner each week afterwards. He will, therefore, shortly, become as prominent as Venus, and in three weeks time these two planets will appear to pass one another, providing an attractive spectacle.

Meanwhile it will be of interest to note their rapid approach. It is actually Venus which appears to be catching up to Jupiter, who is also coming nearer to us, and so will be getting brighter; now he is about 570 million miles away, but by June next Jupiter will be nearly 170 million miles nearer. G. F. M.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Amur . . . . . Ah-moor  
Azores . . . . . A-zorz  
Berbera . . . . . Ber-bay-rah  
Canaletto . . . . . Kah-nah-let-toe

## VEGETABLE CARS?

### Mr Ford Realises Another Dream

One of the most remarkable mills ever started is the new one built by Mr Ford for making motor-cars out of beans.

It is costing a million pounds, and is realising one of Mr Ford's dreams of raising the raw materials for the engineering trades out of the land itself. Hundreds of tons of plastic materials are used daily for making moulded parts for motor-cars, and a new material for the purpose is being prepared from soya beans. Enormous quantities of beans will have to be cultivated to keep the factory going.

The mill, which is on the River Rouge, will be the biggest factory in the world using farm products for its work.

## HEROIC JOURNEY IN PAPUA

### Two Women To the Rescue

Most people would have said "Wait until tomorrow" if they had received a message which was brought one evening by an exhausted Papuan to a bungalow at Mogabo in Papua.

It was an SOS from the manager of another plantation at Port Glasgow, 30 miles away, to say that his wife was dangerously ill with blackwater fever.

To travel there after dark would mean a nightmare journey through swamp and jungle. Mrs Glanville, a trained nurse who was staying as a guest at Mogabo, knew this, but insisted on braving the jungle night, and Miss Debbie Irwin said she would go too. A few Papuans went as escort, and with hurricane lanterns to pick out their tracks they started on their hazardous journey.

First they scrambled over sharp rocks along the seashore, then they crossed poisonous swamps, and hours were spent climbing hills and pushing a way through thick undergrowth. Sometimes they crept silently through sleeping villages. Then came a greater difficulty, for they had to navigate a canoe in the dark down a jungle river. Daylight came and they were still travelling, but they came through all the dangers safely and 11 hours after receiving the message they were at Port Glasgow.

We are glad to say that Mrs Blundell's life was saved.

## A FISH LIGHTS A LAMP

Two electric lamps are lighted up at half-past eleven, two, and four o'clock by the electricity obtained from an eel every day in the New York Aquarium.

The current comes from an electric eel six feet long which is kept in a large tank. Two aluminium wires are submerged at the ends of the tank with loops at the top, and these supply electricity to a couple of neon lamps. The voltage given by the eel appears to be something between 125 and 200 volts, and is direct current.

The eel used to wriggle a good deal at first when he was captured and sent to the aquarium, and the lamps would be alight most of the day. But he is getting used to captivity and he does not wriggle so much, and the lamps only light when he is tickled with a bit of copper wire. This is done three times a day.

#### Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 51 hrs.	Southampton 7 ins.
Rainfall . . . 4.25 ins.	Falmouth . . 6.53 ins.
Dry days . . . 11	Birmingham 5.78 ins.
Wet days . . . 19	Aberdeen . . 4.25 ins.
Warmest day . . 3rd	Chester . . . 3.58 ins.
Wettest day . . 7th	Gorleston . . 3.38 ins.
Coldest day . . 25th	Tynemouth . . 3.18 ins.

## THE CUBS AND THE MAN IN THE MOON

### A Peter Puck Idea For the Stratosphere

[From Our Poland Correspondent]

A very laudable, if-very unscientific, attempt to send messages through the stratosphere has not received the attention it deserved. We are able to give the story for the first time; it is the story behind the release of twelve balloons in a Warsaw park.

The Wolf Cubs of Warsaw had been trying to do their daily good deeds, their little kindnesses to men and to animals; but, as sometimes happens with older people, they have found these ordinary things unexciting and wondered whether there was not some really important good deed they could undertake. It was one of the youngest boys who had the brain-wave: Why not do a good turn to the Man in the Moon?

#### Aiming High

Polish children know the Man in the Moon as an unhappy being who was neither good enough for Heaven nor bad enough for the other place, and so got stranded on the Moon. What a lonely life he must have, thought the Cubs. Putting their heads together, they planned to get some nice coloured balloons and send them up to show that someone was thinking of him.

Of course the idea had to be kept a secret until it was carried out. The Cubmaster might think it childish, and the Scouts would certainly laugh. So the Cubs saved up their pennies until the proud day when they could buy a whole dozen of the loveliest balloons. Little love-letters were tied to the strings, and in the park the balloons were released to the accompaniment of cheers.

Then the secret came out. The Scouts did laugh, and so did the older boys at school, who declared that there is no Man in the Moon and that no balloon could ever get there. The Cubs, however, are not quite sure that their elders are right. The C N thinks they will probably find lonely people a little nearer who would be grateful for a letter sometimes, but we hope the Cubs will go on aiming high. You are bound to hit something if you aim at the Moon.

## THE BOY GREW UP

### Mark Twain's Story of 100 Years Ago

The English-speaking world is celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mark Twain, who in private life was Samuel Clemens, a descendant on his mother's side of our famous old Durham family the Lambtons.

As a boy Mark was very delicate, and for the first seven years was always in the doctor's hands, yet he built up a constitution which enabled him to outlive the span declared by the Psalmist to be man's rightful expectation.

He was by turns compositor, pilot, gold miner, editor, and lecturer, master of a fine literary style, a wit, a keen observer of Nature, and a true-hearted, honest man, who worked himself to death to retrieve a disaster like that which broke Sir Walter Scott—the bankruptcy of a publisher with whom he had entered into partnership.

For all his weakness in early years Mark was a born adventurer, full of innocent pranks, and prone to risks, which required but little seeking in the Wild West of his childhood.

When his mother was 87 he talked over those early days with her, and put the result on record. "I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?" he asked. "Yes, the whole time," she answered. "Afraid that I wouldn't live?" After a reflective pause, as if to think out the facts, she replied, "No—afraid you would."



## 'Ovaltine' improved her Health Remarkably

THE mother of this sturdy, healthy girl gives striking evidence of the supreme value of 'Ovaltine' for growing children. She writes:—

"My daughter, aged 3, was very run-down. She was not replacing her energy and would not eat a thing. She would wake up during the night and rock her bed for hours. So I decided to try 'Ovaltine.' And really the change is remarkable. She has rosy cheeks, is putting on weight, sleeps right through the night, and is full of fun all day."

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is a perfect food containing every nutritive element required for building up robust health and sound nerves. There is nothing "just as good." Reject substitutes.

# OVALTINE

Gives Energy and Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

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Every Boy and Girl  
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**BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS  
PRESENTS**

Storybooks For Girls and  
Colour Books For Children  
**A WONDERFUL SELECTION  
TO SUIT ALL TASTES**

Among the new books issued this season for the older girls The School-girl's Own Annual (6s) is a favourite.

It is beautifully got up and profusely illustrated, both in colour and in black and white. There are more than a dozen stories by favourite authors, and they are so varied that there is something to appeal to all.

In addition to fiction there are many fine articles telling of things to make and do, and a merry play for 12 characters suitable for a Christmas party.

The Golden Annual for Girls (3s 6d) is a fine thick volume made up entirely of fiction. There are 18 complete stories very varied in their interest and all well illustrated; a book to keep any healthy girl happy and busy for a long time.

For younger children one of the most attractive books issued this season is The Nursery Rhyme Omnibus, published at 3s 6d, a collection of more than 600 of the traditional nursery rhymes of Great Britain, with over 300 illustrations, many in colour.

**For Younger Boys and Girls**

Mrs Hippo's Annual (3s 6d) will be a favourite. It is a book of jolly pictures and merry stories for younger boys and girls, and, while it has many exciting tales, it has also coloured pages in which the adventures are told of the Bumpy Boys, Mrs Hippo's Boarding School, and other well-known favourites.

Another favourite annual for the younger children is Tiger Tim's Annual (6s), telling the adventures of the Brownie Boys, Peter and Pam, and above all of Tiger Tim and his friends the Bruin Boys. There are stories of all kinds, rhymes and poems, and many pages printed in colour.

The Rainbow Annual (3s 6d) is another splendid colour book for boys and girls, full of stories, pictures, and rhymes, with the exciting adventures at Mrs Bruin's Boarding School, and the tales of the Two Pickles.

Bo-Peep's Bumper Book, at 2s 6d, is a marvel of value. A great part of it is printed in colour, and it is full of stories, rhymes, riddles, puzzle pictures, and has some pages with birds for painting.

**STEEL ROAD ROUND THE WORLD**

Do we realise what a great part steel plays in railway work?

The chairman of the United Steel Companies pointed out the other day that if just the rails laid in railway tracks all over the world were placed side by side they would form a solid road of steel 15 feet wide right round the globe, and if all the locomotives and rolling-stock were placed buffer to buffer on this road they would more than cover its whole length.

More wonderful still is the thought that we owe this monument of industry, this conquest of distance, to the genius of a few inventors.

**WHAT OUR RAILWAYS DO**

It is clear that our railways are winning back their lost traffic.

As many as 712,703,502 passengers (excluding season tickets) paid £29,317,650 to travel by train during the first seven months of this year. The average fare paid was about 10d.

During the first 32 weeks of this year 163,100,760 tons of foodstuffs, merchandise, minerals, coal, coke, and live-stock were moved at an average of 6s 4d a ton.

The locomotives travelled 364,000,000 miles during the same period.

**WHAT HAPPENED  
ON YOUR BIRTHDAY  
If It is Next Week**

Dec. 22. George Eliot died at Chelsea. 1880  
23. Sir Richard Arkwright born at Preston 1732  
24. W. M. Thackeray died in London. 1863  
25. Birth of Jesus at Bethlehem  
26. Thomas Gray, the poet, born in London 1716  
27. HMS Beagle sailed with Darwin. 1831  
28. Tay Bridge collapsed during a gale 1879

**Richard Arkwright**

Richard Arkwright, a Lancashire barber, made one of the greatest leaps from poverty to riches ever achieved



Richard Arkwright

by any Englishman when he invented the spinning frame, which changed the whole system of British industry and brought in the factory system in place of household manufactures.

Arkwright was not an engineer; he began life as a barber. He could not make machinery himself, but he could think out

how it should be made. So he became a partner with men who could make up his inventions.

For many years he and his partners were poor and unpopular, for the rich imitated and stole his inventions, and the working-men hated his machines for doing the work men had done in the past.

Arkwright was always progressive, and he worked his machines first by horse-power, then by water-power, and at last by steam. When he died, aged sixty, he had made a fortune of half a million out of his inventions.

It is unfair to blame Richard Arkwright for the evils that grew up around the factory system; those evils sprang up from human greed. His inventions, properly used, lessen the burden of toil.

**THE OLD MAN JUMPS**

Apparently, if it is never too late to mend, it is never too late to try the thrill of a new experience.

The other day the little Russian village of Artamonova, whose inhabitants had never seen an aeroplane, was greatly excited by a demonstration of flying given in its midst.

The headman of the village, a venerable peasant of 75, was specially interested in the parachute descents, and moved heaven and earth to obtain permission to go up in a plane and come down by parachute. At last his wish was granted. He was carried up 500 metres and, having been given careful instructions what to do, jumped into the void without the slightest hesitation. He landed safe and sound, and, enchanted with his experience, disclaimed having felt any fear.

"It was exactly as though I had suddenly been transformed into a wild goose," he said.

**25 YEARS AGO**

From the C N of December 1910

**A Game of Chess By Wireless.** The first game of chess by wireless telegraphy has just been played at sea. A German officer on a ship which was going to Africa sent out a wireless challenge over the sea. The message was caught by an Austrian vessel which was going to Monte Video. The challenge was accepted by an Austrian nobleman on board. The game was begun on the two ships, and the moves were telegraphed from vessel to vessel. It lasted, with a two hours' rest, from two in the afternoon till near midnight, when the Austrian won. The two ships were 175 miles apart when the game began; they were 250 miles apart when it finished.



# DARTMOOR ADVENTURE

Serial Story  
By T. C. Bridges

## What Has Happened Before

Dick Hanson, carrying £17 across lonely Dartmoor, is robbed by an escaped convict. A dense fog settles down and Dick loses his way. He seeks shelter at a farmhouse, and, finding it empty, breaks his way in.

## CHAPTER 3

### The Girl Who Searched

**B**REAKING into a house, even if it is empty, is not so easy as it sounds.

Of course Dick might have picked up a stone and smashed a window, but somehow he shied at this. Instead, with his pocket-knife he tried the catch of one of the back windows.

He was able to push the latch aside, then the sash went up, and he climbed in over the sill. The room was pitch dark and felt cold and stuffy. Even so it was a great thing to get out of the bitter wind and the chill drizzle which had been driving on him all day.

One thing Dick had which was worth more than diamonds, a nearly full box of matches. When he got them out of his pocket the box felt damp, and for a moment he had a horrid fear that they would not strike. But the very first one burned up and showed him that he was in a large and well-furnished kitchen. The sight of two candles in old-fashioned brass candlesticks on the dresser was a great relief, and when he had lighted one he set to explore.

The kitchen opened into a large living-room, to the left of which was a stone-floored passage, and on the other side of this a good-sized sitting-room with a carpet and a piano.

Dick was puzzled. The people who owned the place must, he thought, be away on a visit. Yet it was not usual for a moor farmer to leave his house empty.

Dick went upstairs. Four nice bedrooms; and the sight of beds with blankets made him yearn to peel off his wet things and tuck himself up warmly.

But he was dreadfully hungry and the first thing was to find food. He went back to the kitchen. On one side was a scullery, on the other steps led down into a larder. But the larder was sadly empty, so he tried the cupboard in the kitchen.

Here were a number of jars, mostly empty, but in one he found some oatmeal, in another salt, and in a third brown sugar. Here were materials for porridge if he could only light a fire. There was an old-fashioned range in the kitchen, and, to his amazement, a fire ready laid. Dick put a match to it and in five minutes had a good blaze. For some minutes he stood over the blaze, enjoying the luxury of the heat which made his wet clothes steam.

When he was a little warm he put on some water in a saucepan, and when it boiled stirred in oatmeal with a pinch of salt.

Hot porridge with plenty of sugar is no bad fodder for a starving lad, and by the time Dick had finished a whole bowl he was feeling much more like his cheerful self. He was also extremely sleepy.

But Dick still had a deal to do before he could think of bed. He went upstairs and fetched a quilt. He took this back to the kitchen, stripped, wrapped himself in the quilt, and hung his clothes over the range to dry. Then he washed the saucepan, the bowl and spoon, and put everything tidily away. After that he had to wait till his clothes were reasonably dry, then at last he closed the range, put his chair back, picked up his clothes, and, taking one candle, went upstairs to a front bedroom which, as he had already noticed, held a big, old four-poster bedstead.

There were no sheets, but the blankets were soft and thick. Dick rolled himself in one of them, put another on top, and the quilt over that. In less than two minutes he was sound asleep.

A gleam of pale winter sunshine falling on his face roused him, and he sat up with a start. He had fully intended to be up and away before daylight. He had not reckoned with the fact that his tired body demanded extra rest. He lay and listened a moment, but all seemed quiet, then he slipped out of bed and went to the window.

The first thing he saw was that a thin coating of snow covered the ground, the second that there was a road in front of the house, along which a girl was walking quickly.

She came straight to the garden gate, lifted the latch, and started up the path leading to the front door.

Dick's heart did a sort of flip-flap as he dashed back and reached for his clothes. It is safe to say that he beat all records for

quick dressing. While he dressed he made up his mind what to do. The girl looked nice. He would go down and meet her and explain exactly what had happened.

Then he caught sight of himself in the looking-glass and stopped, horrified. His clothes were covered with mud, his hair was unbrushed, he looked a perfect scarecrow.

"I'd scare her into a fit," he said to himself, and while he hesitated he heard the girl coming slowly upstairs!

In a moment he had straightened the bed-clothes and dived under the bed. The minute he had done it he felt he had been silly, but before he could make up his mind to come out the door opened and the girl walked into the room.

She went straight across to the chest of drawers, opened the top drawer, and began searching. Each drawer in succession she turned out, but whatever she was looking for she failed to find it. She tried the dressing-table, the wardrobe, but still it was no use. At last she stopped.

"It must be here somewhere," she said.

## CHAPTER 4

### Steps In the Snow

**D**ICK liked her voice. It was rather deep for a girl of only about twenty, but it was rich and soft. He liked the girl too.

He was much relieved when she went out of the room; he had been terribly afraid she would look under the bed, and then he would have felt a fool. He heard her go into one of the back bedrooms, and decided that this was his chance to clear out.

He tip-toed down the stairs, reached the passage below, and paused a moment to make sure the coast was clear. It was not clear; footsteps were coming up the paved path leading to the front door. They were the steps of a man, and the man, whoever he was, was in a hurry. There was a little cloak-room on the right-hand side of the passage. Dick had just time to duck into this when the front door opened and the man came in.

One of the frosted glass panels in the door was broken, so Dick was able to see out, and the moment his eyes fell on the newcomer he recognised him as Mark Endacott.

Mark was a youngish man, stout, with hard pale blue eyes and streaky red and white cheeks. Dick had seen him in Taverton market and knew that he had not a very good name. Dick wondered what he was doing here.

Mark stood for a moment in the doorway looking round suspiciously, then went straight into the sitting-room.

Once more Dick was minded to make a bolt, yet dared not, for Mark had left the door wide open and the risk seemed too great.

By the sounds which reached Dick's ears Mark was as busy searching as the girl had been. Dick could hear drawers being pulled out and closed, then noises as if the man were moving furniture. Presently Mark uttered an exclamation of angry impatience. It seemed to Dick that he was having no luck in his search. There was silence for a little, then Mark's voice again.

"I have it; it's the hearthstone!"

The hearthstone. Now Dick began to understand. Old-fashioned moor folk are often shy about banks and are given to hiding their property in their own houses. One of the favourite hiding-places is under the hearthstone.

He listened keenly. He could distinctly hear Mark's panting breath as he lifted a heavy weight, then there was a crunching sound. Yes, he was lifting the hearthstone. Dick longed to see what was happening, to know if Mark had found anything. He longed, too, to let the girl know that Mark was on the job.

He had begun to push his door open with the idea of making a bolt upstairs when he heard steps in the sitting-room. He dodged back in a hurry, and saw Mark come out of the sitting-room into the hall. In his hand he held a long envelope and on his broad face was a self-satisfied smirk.

The sun had gone in again; there was still a haze of mist and the light was not very good. Mark, Dick realised, was short-sighted, for, after taking a document out of the envelope, he held it close to his eyes to read it. The man's smirk changed to a scowl as he read it.

"The old beast!" Dick heard him growl. "Leave his nephew to starve, would he? Why, he hasn't even mentioned me!" Suddenly he chuckled, and it was a nasty sound. "But I have been a bit too clever for 'em," he went on. "With this out of the way—" He took out a match-box, struck a match, and put the flame to the edge of the document.

Continued on the next page

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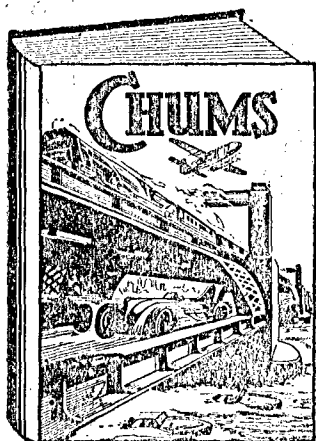
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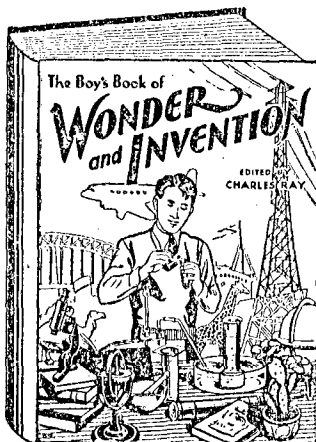


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This fascinating book for boys contains hundreds of amazing photographs, collected from all over the world. Pictures and facts about wonderful things not to be found elsewhere, explanations of other modern inventions, true stories of inventors and discoverers, and a host of exciting features to which you will want to turn again and again for interest and sheer pleasure.



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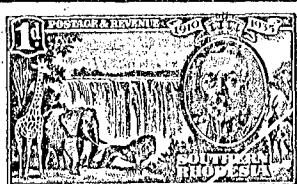
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Continued from page 13

Dick was going to risk everything and make a dash when through the quiet house came the sound of a door closing sharply. Mark jumped. The change in his expression was so great and so comic that Dick almost laughed. Mark dropped the match and for a moment stood still as a statue, listening intently.

There was a sound of footsteps on the upper landing, and, muttering something that was not a blessing, Mark thrust the document and the envelope into the breast-pocket of his overcoat, swung round, and went quickly out of the front door.

Dick waited no longer. He dashed out of his cupboard and rushed to the door. But the fog had closed down again and Mark had disappeared.

There was a startled cry behind him.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

Dick looked round and saw the girl standing at the foot of the stairs.

"I'm Dick Hanson from Ilkessford," he explained quickly. "Got lost in the fog; broke in here and slept. Had to. But Mark—Mark Endacott, he's found the papers and gone away with them."

"Mark!" The girl's face showed such dismay that Dick felt bitterly sorry for her. "You mean he found the will?"

"I don't know what it was, but it was a paper in an envelope. I think he found it under the hearthstone in the sitting-room. I didn't see, but I heard him. Then he came out in the hall and read it, and he was in an awful rage. He lit a match and was going to burn it when you banged a door upstairs. He put the paper in his pocket and ran out of the front door."

"It was Uncle Jerry's will," cried the girl. "It's what I was looking for. Uncle was buried only yesterday. Oh, if Mark has got it it will be dreadful."

There were tears in her eyes, and Dick was dreadfully distressed.

"It's Mother I'm thinking of," said the girl. "Uncle Jerry was her brother. He told her he had left the farm to her. Mark was only to have it too because he had behaved so badly." She broke off. "But, oh, I'm wasting time. Isn't there any way of getting it back from Mark before he destroys it?"

Dick spoke quickly.

"I think it's parchment, and that isn't easy to tear up; and it won't burn very

easily either," he answered. "My notion is he'll go home and put it in the fire. Where does he live? We might follow."

"He lives three miles away at Staverton. And he has a car. We haven't a chance of catching him."

Dick was dismayed, but he would not give up.

"This snow," he said, "it'll be terribly slippery. He'll have to go very slowly. Where is Staverton? Couldn't we take a short cut?"

"I hadn't thought of that." She caught his arm. "I'll show you. Come!"

Next minute they were running down the path, and Dick was surprised to find how the girl could run.

It was easy enough to see which way Mark had gone, for the prints of his big flat feet were plain in the snow. But they could not see him for a fog bank had drifted down into the valley. The marks led down the road in an easterly direction.

"He didn't have his car," Dick said to the girl.

She paused an instant and held up her hand for silence.

"He did. I can hear it. He must have left it on the main road."

"Yes, I hear it," Dick answered. "But he can't go very fast in this fog. Where do we turn off?"

"Not yet. We can't cross the Arrow except by the road bridge. Beyond the bridge we can turn across the moor. But the fog will be as bad for us as for Mark. It will be hard to find our way."

Dick knew this was true. "We'll do our best, anyhow," was all he could find to say.

They were both panting a little when they reached the bridge. Dick pointed to the tyre marks in the snow. "No chains," he said. "He'll have a job getting up the hill."

"Here's where we turn off," said the girl as she left the road and took to the moor.

It was steep, but there was not much heather, and they kept up a good pace.

Presently they were at the top of the hill. The girl stopped again and they both listened.

"Can you hear the car?" she asked.

Dick shook his head.

"But we ought to. The road's just below us. Oh!" she cried in despair, "he must have gone faster than we thought. He's got away. Now he will burn the will, and then he will have the farm and everything."

TO BE CONCLUDED

## JACKO JUMPS IN

JACKO'S Big Brother Adolphus had given him one of his cast-off tennis rackets. Jacko at once took it out and began to play ball.

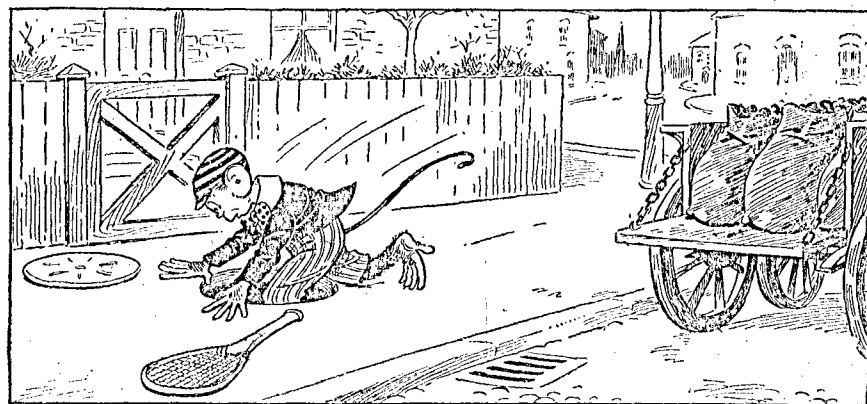
An extra hard bang sent the ball out of reach, and it rolled along the pavement into a coal-hole. The coal plate had been taken up so that some coal might be shot down into the cellar below, but the men had wandered across the road to watch a dog-fight.

"Now I've done it," said Jacko.

Groping round the cellar wall he found a door. It was locked, but he hammered at it; and he kept up such a din that presently they heard him shouting: "Hi! Let me out! Let me out!"

A frightened maid ran upstairs crying "Burglars!"

The next minute the door burst open, and an old gentleman rushed in with a



In one jump he was down

"Coo!" muttered Jacko. "Now I've done it!"

If he rang the house bell and asked permission to go into the cellar they'd most likely slam the door in his face. Well, he'd get down *without* permission.

He stared into the little black hole, and in one jump was down, his tail disappearing just as the men came back.

Jacko landed with a bump. He scrambled up, and managed to get clear as a load of coal shot down beside him!

The men didn't hear his shouts. "That's the lot," he heard them say, as they pushed back the plate.

lighted candle in one hand and a poker in the other.

"Pax!" cried Jacko. "I mean, it's only me looking for my ball."

The old gentleman held the candle up to Jacko's grimy face. "Humph!" he said. "I think I've seen you before. What are you doing in my cellar?"

Jacko began to explain. And the old gentleman began to laugh.

"Well, well! Pick up your ball and cut along," he said. "But I shouldn't like to be in your shoes," he added, "when your mother sees the state of your clothes."



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 21, 1935

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Transposition

ONE thousand two hundred and nothing and one Transposed give a word expressive of fun. Answer next week

### This Week's Nature Note

THE ptarmigan, or snow-chick, found only on the high mountains of Scotland, has now changed into its winter plumage of white, with a black line on each side of the head and black tail feathers. In summer the plumage is brownish grey, the bird thus resembling its surroundings.

### The Expert

THE tramp had made very little progress with the pile of wood he was set to chop.

"You are a very slow worker," remarked the farmer. "But I expect you are quick at some things."

"Yes," replied the tramp. "I can get tired quicker than anybody you know."

### A Christmas Riddle

I THINK that riddles are such fun, Here is a Christmas party one: Why is a jelly like the Sun?

I'll tell you, if you don't forget, That every jelly I have met Is like the Sun—they both can set!

### Ici On Parle Francais



le tapis la machine à écrire le téléphone  
carpet typewriter telephone

Il y a un ravissant tapis rouge dans le bureau de papa, un téléphone, et une machine à écrire.

There is a lovely red carpet in Daddy's office, a telephone, and a typewriter.

### The Letter-Words

THE Chinaman praiseth his Ts,  
The mandarin praiseth his Q;  
The gardener praiseth his turnips  
and Ps,  
But I praise U.

The mariner loveth the Cs,  
The bagatelle-player his Q;  
The husbandman loveth his cattle  
and Bs,  
But I love U.

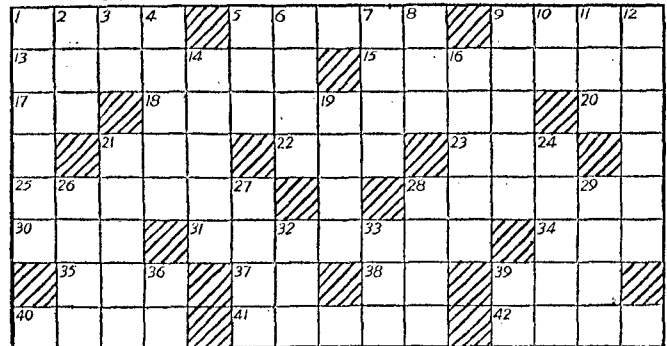
The foolish have need of the Ys,  
The actor needeth his Q;  
The pilot hath need of two excel-  
lent Is,  
But I need U.

The farmer seeketh the Js,  
The shepherd seeketh his U;  
The college boys seek their final  
B As,  
But I C Q.

## The CN Cross Word Puzzle

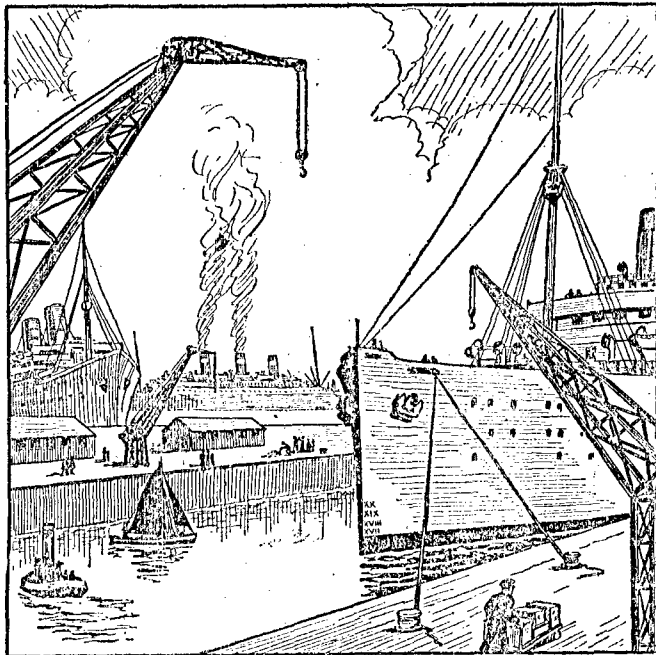
Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. Answer next week

**Reading Across.** 1. This steers the ship. 5. In good time. 9. A coniferous tree. 13. Smears with oil. 15. Giving tranquillity. 17. Road. 18. Given a pet name. 20. Note in tonic solfa scale. 21. A unit. 22. To undermine. 23. A vehicle. 25. An oration. 28. To yield. 30. A title. 31. Even before No. 5. 34. An illuminant. 35. A covering. 37. French for the. 38. Chemical symbol for sodium. 39. A limb. 40. Vehicle used on snow. 41. To remove blemishes. 42. A bard.



**Reading Down.** 1. To worry. 2. Finish. 3. Behold. 4. To cut into very small pieces. 5. And so on. 6. Demands. 7. To jump. 8. Edible tuber of the Tropics. 9. Pertaining to a foot. 10. Particle introducing a conditional sentence. 11. A fruit. 12. Chooses. 14. Female relation. 16. To disjoin. 19. Part of the finger. 21. Nest of an eagle. 24. Member of the Black Race. 26. Medicine in solid form. 27. Healthy. 28. To peruse. 29. Appellation. 32. To batter. 33. A lodging-place for travellers. 36. Doctor of Divinity. 39. April.

## A Dock Observation Test



LOOK at this picture for two minutes, making a mental note of as many details as possible. Then cover the picture to hide it from view and see how many of the questions in column three you can answer.

### Backward Reading

INVERT a sliding box in case or table  
You'll find a recompense; it is no fable.  
Invert a title common in Spain  
A mark of recognition you obtain.  
A portion if tis backward read  
Will prove to be a snare instead.  
Answer next week

### No Space To Spare

THE Smiths had just moved into a very modern flat.  
"And how do you like your new abode?" they were asked.  
"There is no room for complaint," quietly remarked Mr Smith.

### Charade

MY first is to gather,  
My second is used by a wood-  
man,  
My whole is a useful tool.  
Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

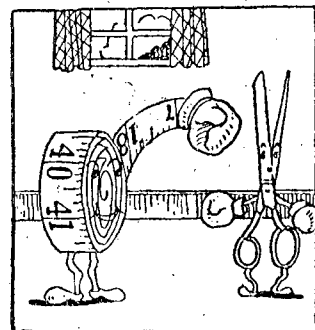
IN the evening the planet Saturn is in the South, and Mars is faint in the South-West. In the morning Venus is in the South-East and Jupiter is near the Eastern horizon. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Sunday, December 22.



### Mistakes That Are Made Every Day

LORD CHATHAM did not die in the House of Lords, though the famous picture of that great statesman being seized with a fit during his last visit to the House of Lords is always described as the "Death of Chatham." As a matter of fact he was removed to his home, and did not die till more than five weeks later.

### A Friendly Bout



I HAVE such a long reach, said the Measure,  
And you seem to have very weak joints.  
Said the Scissors: I'll box you with pleasure.  
I know I can beat you on points.

### Sacked

TOM: You tell me you have no job? But you said that your chief inspired you!  
BILL: You misunderstood me. I said he fired me with zeal and energy.

### A Dock Observation Test

PLEASE look at the picture at the top of the page before reading farther. Having done so, test your powers of observation by seeing how many of these questions you can answer.

- How many cranes are shown?
- How many feet of water is the nearest ship drawing?
- How many of its mooring ropes are shown?
- How many of its lifeboats?
- What is the total number of vessels?
- Is the liner in the background pointing right or left?
- How many of her funnels are smoking?
- Is any luggage suspended from the right-hand crane?

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Curtailment. Humane, human.  
Hidden Planets and Stars. Jupiter, Neptune, Mercury, Mars, Saturn, Earth, Venus, Uranus, Vega, Sirius.  
Reversion. Yew, Wey.  
Schiller's Puzzle. Rainbow.

### Tales Before Bedtime

#### Little Cook

MAY and Ruth lived with Aunt Jane and Cousin Guy because their parents were abroad.

When Guy went back to his boarding-school and May went off to hers Ruth felt terribly lonely.

"I don't seem able to find anything to do when May's not here," she sighed, looking out of the window at the rain.

"Well," said Aunt Jane, "this afternoon I'm going to make a big cake for Guy. You know it's his birthday next week. And if you like you shall have a real cook's apron and help me. How would you like that?"

"I should love it," cried Ruth, clapping her hands.

So in the afternoon Aunt Jane and Ruth put on white overalls and shut themselves up in the warm kitchen. "I am Big Cook and you are Little Cook," said Aunt Jane. "Now, Little Cook, will you weigh me out a pound of sultanas and a pound of currants, and cut these cherries in two?"

Ruth carefully weighed the fruit and then some flour, and, when Big Cook was ready, poured it into the big mixing-bowl.

"Now you really are helping to make a proper cake," said Aunt Jane. "I'm going to bake Guy's birthday cake in this big tin, but there's another one here not so big. How would you like to put some of the mixture in that and bake a cake for May?"

"And send it to her at school?" asked Ruth, her eyes shining.

"Yes," laughed Aunt Jane. "And you can say, How do you like my baking?"

Ruth skipped round the kitchen with delight. "Oh, how lovely!" she cried. "Won't she be surprised!"

So when Guy's cake went into the hot oven Aunt Jane let Ruth put her tin in too, very carefully.

Ruth thought cakes had never smelt so good as the ones they baked that afternoon. "And tomorrow," said Big Cook, "when they are quite cool, we'll ice them."

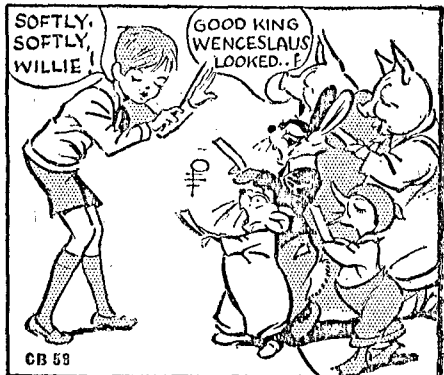
Next day Ruth helped to make some white icing, and they poured it over the smooth brown cakes. And Ruth even made an M in pink icing-sugar on hers. She was very proud of it, and waited impatiently to hear what May would say.

When May's letter came from school she wrote: "My dear, it's a perfectly marvellous cake. Thanks a million times. The girls say it's one of the most scrumptious cakes they've ever tasted. And I agree."

So Ruth was quite happy.

# THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

## The Christmas 'Waits'



For days strange noises were heard coming from the Old Barn. If you could have peeped in you would have found the Cococubs rehearsing their Christmas carols.



On Christmas Eve they went out singing. It was terribly cold. Granny Owl gave them piping hot cocoa, and Pie Porker gave them pennies. They then started singing outside Silas's house.



Grumpy Silas was angry! "I'll throw cold water over you if you go on singing outside my house," he shouted. Plomp! A great lump of snow fell right on his head! "How do you like cold water?" chuckled Willie.

## There's a Cococub in every tin of The Children's BOURNVILLE COCOA

BIBQQZ DISJTUNDT UP BMM  
DPDPDVCT GSPN KPOBUIRO